

# HEART of the SUNSET BY REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail,"  
"The Silver Horde," Etc.



## CHAPTER X.

### Jose Sanchez Swears an Oath.

Jose Sanchez made use of the delay at Pueblo to institute further inquiries regarding his missing cousin, but nowhere could he find the slightest trace. Jose swore an oath that he would learn the truth if it required his whole life-time, and if it should turn out that his sainted relative had indeed met with foul play—well! Jose told his friends they could judge, by looking at him, the sort of man he was. He proudly displayed Longoria's revolver, and called it his cousin's little avenger. The weapon had slain many; it had a duty still to perform, so he said.

Jose intended to confide his purpose to Mrs. Austin, but when it came time to start for Las Palmas there was a fourth passenger in the automobile, and he was obliged to hold his tongue for the moment. Alaire was in good humor, and expressed her relief at escaping from everything Mexican.

"I haven't seen a newspaper for ages, and I don't know what is going on at Jonesville or anywhere else," she confided.

Dave told her of the latest developments in the Mexican situation, of home happenings, and when she asked him about his own doings, he informed her of the affair which had brought him to Pueblo.

Of course all three of his companions were breathlessly interested in the story of Pino Garza's death; Dolores and Jose did not allow a word to escape them.

"Caramba! It required bravery to ride alone into that cincon," Jose declared. "I know Pino Garza well, and he could shoot like the devil."

"You said your horse saved your life," Mrs. Austin went on. "How do you mean?" When Dave had explained, she cried, quickly, "You weren't riding—Bessie Belle?"

"Yes. She's buried where she dropped. I've been right lonesome since she went away."

Alaire turned a quick glance upon the speaker to find his face set and his eyes miserable. Impulsively she laid her hand upon his arm, saying:

"I know how you must feel. Do you know what has always been my dearest wish? To be able to talk with animals and make friends of them."

Dave smiled absently. "There's a wonderful book about a near-sighted old Frenchman who was cast away on a penguin island. He saw the big birds walking around, and thought they were human beings."

"How did you happen to read Anatole France?" Alaire asked, with a sharp stare of surprise.

The Ranger stirred, but he did not meet her eyes. "Well," said he, "I read 'most anything I can get. A fellow meets up with strange books just like he meets up with strange people."

"Not books like—that." There was a brief silence. "Mr. Law, you went to school in the East, didn't you? Where?" The man hesitated, at which she insisted, "Where?"

Dave reluctantly turned upon her a pair of eyes in the depths of which

there lurked the faintest twinkle. "Cornell," said he.

Alaire gasped. After a while she remarked, stiffly, "You have a peculiar sense of humor."

"Now don't be offended," he begged her. "I'm a good deal like a chameleon; I unconsciously change my color to suit my surroundings. When we first met I saw that you took me for one thing, and since then I've tried not to show you your mistake."

"Why did you let me read you those silly books? I dare say you've had a fine laugh at my expense?"

"No!" gravely denied the man. "They had come to an abrupt conclusion a considerable stream of muddy water, and Law was forced to get out to plug the carburetor and stop the oil intake to the crank-case. This done, Alaire ran the machine through on the self-starter. When Jose's 'Caramba's' and Dolores' shrieks had subsided, and they were striding under way, Mrs. Austin it seemed had recalled her good humor.

"I've had to have more of my favorite authors," she told Dave, spitefully. "I'll keep them to read myself."

"Do you still believe in chameleons?" Alaire turned her eyes upon the questioner, and there were no flush-

lusions in them. "Do you?" she queried, with a faint curl of her lip.

"Why—yes," she shook her head. "Men have changed. Nowadays they are all selfish and sordid. But—I shouldn't generalize, for I'm a notorious man-hater, you know."

He nodded, whereupon she eyed him speculatively. "Let us see. You are a man—how far would you go for the woman you loved?"

"The limit!"

Mrs. Austin frowned at this light-seeming answer. "I suppose you mean that you would make any sacrifice?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Would you give up the woman herself, if you considered it your duty?"

"No. There couldn't be any duty higher than love—to my way of thinking. But you shouldn't take me as a specimen. I'm not a good representative of my sex."

"I think you are a very good one," Alaire said quietly, and Dave realized that no flattery was intended.

Despite the rough roads, they made fair time, and the miles of cactus and scrawny brush rolled swiftly past. The morning sun swung higher, and by midday the metal of the automobile had become as hot as a frying pan. They stopped at various goat ranches to inquire about Adolfo Urbina, and at noon halted beside a watercourse for lunch.

Dave was refilling the radiator when he overheard Jose in conversation with Mrs. Austin.

"Nowhere a trace!" the horse-breaker was saying. "No one has seen him. Poor Rosa Morales will die of a broken heart."

Alaire explained to her guest: "Jose is worried about his cousin Panfilo. It seems he has disappeared."

"So! You are Panfilo's cousin?" Dave eyed the Mexican with new interest.

"So!"

"You remember the man?" Alaire went on. "He was with that fellow you arrested at the water-hole."

"Oh, yes. I remember him." With steady fingers Dave shook some tobacco into a cigarette paper. He felt Alaire's eyes upon him, and they were eloquent of inquiry, but he did not meet them.

Jose frowned. "No one at La Feria has seen him, and in Pueblo there was not a word. It is strange."

"Panfilo was in bad company when I saw him," Law finished rolling his cigarette and lit it, still conscious of Alaire's questioning gaze. "He may have had trouble."

"He was a good man," the horse-breaker asserted. "If he is dead—The Mexican's frown deepened to a scowl."

"What then?"

Jose significantly patted the gift revolver at his hip. "This little fellow will have something to say."

Dave looked him over idly, from head to heel, then murmured: "You would do well to go slow, compadre. Panfilo made his own quarrels."

"We were like brothers, and I do not know of any quarrels. But I shall find out. I am not given to boasting, senor, but I am a devilish bad man in my way."

Nothing more was said during the luncheon, but when Alaire had finished eating and her two employees had begun their meal, she climbed the bank of the arroyo ostensibly to find a cool spot. Having succeeded, she called to Dave:

"There is a nice breeze up here." The Ranger's face set; rising slowly, he climbed the bank after her. When they stood face to face in the shade of a gnarly oak tree, Alaire asked him point-blank:

"Where is Panfilo Sanchez?"

Dave met her eyes squarely; his own were cold and hard. "He's where he dropped at my second shot," said he.

He could hear his companion's sharp inhalation. He did not flinch at the look she turned upon him.

"He was practically unarmed! What do you call such an act?"

you'll see that your own reputation weighed heavier in my mind than the lives of a dozen Mexicans—or whites, for that matter."

"I go anywhere, everywhere. No one has ever had the effrontery to question my actions," Alaire told him, stilly.

"And I don't aim to give 'em a chance," Dave was stubborn.

There was another interval of silence.

"You heard what Jose said. What are you going to do?"

Dave made a gesture of indifference. "It doesn't greatly matter. I'll tell him the truth, perhaps. You might warn him against any foolishness. Jose has some sense."

The woman looked up curiously. "Don't you know how to be afraid? Haven't you any fear?" she asked.

Dave's gray eyes were steady as he answered: "Yes! I'm afraid this thing is going to spoil our friendship. I've been desperately afraid, all along, that I might have hurt your reputation. Even now I'm afraid, on your account, to make public Panfilo Sanchez's death. Yes! I know what it is to be afraid."

It became evident to Dave, as the afternoon progressed, that they would be very late in arriving at Las Palmas, and he began to fear that his hostess would feel in duty bound to insist upon his spending the night at her home.

But as if his thoughts were telegraphic messages, she did the very thing he feared.

"We won't be in before midnight," she said, "but I'll send you to Jonesville in the morning."

"Thank you, ma'am—I'll have to go right through."

"I'll get you there in time for business. We've gained a reputation for inhospitality at Las Palmas that I want to overcome. Mr. Austin ought to know," she added, "about this matter we were discussing, and I want him to meet you."

"He has!" Dave said, shortly; and at his tone Alaire looked up.

"So!" She studied his grim face. "And you quarreled?"

"I'd really prefer to go on, ma'am. I'll get to Jonesville somehow."

"You refuse to stay under his roof?"

"That's about it."

"I'm sorry," she did not ask for further explanation.

The windows of Las Palmas were black, the house silent, when they arrived at their journey's end; Dolores was fretful, and her mistress ached in every bone. When Jose had helped his countrywoman into the house, Alaire said:

"If you insist upon going through, you must take the car. You can return it tomorrow."

"And—about Panfilo?" Dave queried.

"Wait. Perhaps I'll decide what is best to do in the meantime. Good night."

Law took her extended hand. Alaire was glad that he did not fondle it in that detestable Mexican fashion of which she had lately experienced so much; glad that the grasp of his long, strong fingers was merely firm and friendly. When he stepped back into the car and drove off through the night, she stood for some time looking after him.

Blaze Jones had insisted that Dave live at his house, and the Ranger had accepted the invitation; but as it was late when the latter arrived at Jonesville, he went to the hotel for a few hours' rest. When he drove his borrowed machine up to the Jones house, about breakfast time, both Blaze and Paloma were delighted to see him.

"Say, now! What you doing rolling around in a gasoline god-damn!" the elder man inquired, and Law was forced to explain.

"Father has never learned to drive a car without yelling 'Gee' and 'Haw,'" laughed Paloma. "And he thinks he has title to the whole road, too. You know these Mexicans are slow about pulling their wagons to one side. Well, father got mad one day, and when a team refused him the right of way, he whipped out his revolver and fired."

Blaze smiled broadly. "It worked great. And believe me, them Greasers took to the ditch. I went through like a hot wind, but I shot up sixty-five cartridges between here and town."

"Why didn't Mrs. Austin ask you to stay all night at Las Palmas?" the girl inquired of Dave.

"She did."

"Wonderful!" Paloma's surprise was evidently sincere. "I suppose you refused because of the way I'd treated you. Tell me, is she nice?"

"She's lovely."

This vehement declaration brought a sudden gleam of interest into the questioner's eyes.

"They say she has the most wonderful gowns and jewels, and dresses for dinner every night. Well!" Paloma tossed her head—"I'm going to have some nice clothes, too. You wait!"

"You're too silly!" said Paloma. "Nobody believes in such things."

"They don't, eh? Well, he's got all Jonesville walkin' around leaders, and spittin' through crossed fingers, and countin' the spots on their nails. He interprets their dreams and locates lost articles."

"Maybe he can tell me where to find Adolfo Urbina?" Dave suggested.

"Humph! If he can't, Tad Lewis can. Say, Dave, this case of yours has stirred up a lot of feelin' 'gainst Tad. The prosecutor's attorney says he'll sure clinch him and Urbina both. One of Lewis' men got on a bender the other night and declared Adolfo would never come to trial."

"What did he mean?"

"It may have been mesal talk, but witnesses sometimes have a way of disappearing. I wouldn't put anything past that gang."

Not long after breakfast Don Ricardo Guzman appeared at the Jones house and warmly greeted his two friends. To Dave he explained:

"Last night I came to town, and this morning I heard you had returned, so I rode out at once. You were unsuccessful?"

"Our man never went to Pueblo."

"Exactly. I thought as much. However, I go to meet Blanca today, and perhaps I shall discover something."

"What takes you over there?" Blaze inquired.

"Well, until I tell you. Senor David, here, brings me good fortune at every turn. He honors my poor, thirsty rancha with a visit and brings a glorious rain; then he destroys my enemies like a thunderbolt. No sooner is this done than I receive from the Federals an offer for fifty of my best horses."

"Caramba! Such a price, too. They are in a great hurry, which looks as if they expected an attack from the Cuaderistas at Matamoros. I hope so. God grant these traitors are defeated. Anyhow, the horses have gone, and today I go to get my money in gold."

"Who's going with you?" asked Law.

Ricardo shrugged. "Nobody. There is no danger."

Blaze shook his head. "They know you are a red-hot rebel. I wouldn't trust them."

"They know, also, that I am an American, like you gentlemen," proudly asserted Guzman. "That makes a difference. I supported the Liberator—God rest his soul!—and I secretly assist those who fight his assassins, but so does everybody else. I am receiving a due price for those horses, so it is worth a little risk. Now, senor," he addressed himself to the Ranger, "I have brought you a little present. Day and night my boys and I have worked upon it, for we knew the good heart you have. It was finished yesterday. See!" Ricardo unwrapped a bundle he had fetched, displaying a magnificent bridle of plaited horsehair. It was cunningly wrought, and lavishly decorated with silver fittings. "You recognize those hairs?" he queried. "They came from the mane and tail of your bonita."

"Bessie Belle!" Law accepted the handsome token, then held out his hand to the Mexican. "That was mighty fine of you, Ricardo!—You couldn't have pleased me more. We're going to be friends."

Guzman's delight was keen, his grizzled face beamed, and he showed his white teeth in a smile. "Say no more. What is mine is yours—my house, my cattle, my right hand. I and my sons will serve you, and you must come often to see us. Now I must go." He shook hands heartily and rode away, waving his hat.

"There's a good Greaser," Blaze said with conviction, and Dave agreed feebly.

"Yes! I'd about do anything for him, after this." Then he took the bridle in for Paloma to admire.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Rodeo.

It was with a feeling of some reluctance that Dave drove up to Las Palmas shortly after the lunch hour, for he had no desire to meet "Young Ed," however, to his relief, Austin did not appear, and inasmuch as Alaire did not refer to her husband in any way, Dave decided that he must be absent, perhaps on one of his notorious sprees.

The mistress of the big ranch was in her harness, having at once assumed her neglected duties. She came to welcome her caller in a short khaki riding suit; her feet were incased in tan boots; she wore a mannish felt hat and gantlet gloves, showing that she had spent the morning in the saddle. Dave thought she looked exceedingly capable and businesslike, and not less beautiful in these clothes; he feasted his eyes covertly upon her.

"I expected you for luncheon," she smiled; and Dave could have kicked himself. "I'm just going out now. If you're not to go great a hurry to go home, you may go with me."

"That would be fine," he agreed.

"Come, then. I have a horse for you." As she led the way back toward the farm buildings, she explained: "I'm selling off a bunch of cattle. Benito is rounding them up and cutting out the best ones."

"You keep them, I reckon."

"Always. That's how I improve the grade. You will see a splendid herd of animals. Mr. Law—the best in south Texas. I suppose you're interested in such things."

"I'd rather watch a good herd of stock than the best show in New York," he told her.

When they came to the corral, at intricate series of pens and chutes at the rear of the outbuildings, Law held two thoroughbred horses standing at the hitching rail.

"I'm proud of my horses, too," said Alaire.

"You have reason to be." With eyes alight, Dave examined the fine points of both animals. He ran a caressing hand over them, and they recognized in him a friend.

"These beauties were raised on Kentucky bluegrass. Brother and sister, aren't they?"

"Yes. Montrosa and Montrosa are their names. The horse is mine, the mare is yours." Seeing that Dave did not comprehend the full import of her words, she added: "Yours to keep, I mean. You must make another horse Belle out of her."

"Belle! Oh—ma'am!" Law turned his eyes from Alaire to the mare, then back again. "You're too kind. I can't take her."

"You must."

Dave made as if to say something, but was too deeply embarrassed. Unable to tear himself away from the mare's side, he continued to stroke her shining coat while she turned an intelligent face to him, showing a solitary white star in the center of her forehead.

"See! She is nearly the same color as Bessie Belle."

"Yes! I—I want her, ma'am; I'll just stick from wanting her, but—won't you let me buy her?"

"Oh, I wouldn't sell her." Then, as Dave continued to yearn over the animal, like a small boy tempted beyond his strength, Alaire laughed. "I owe you something, Mr. Law, and a horse more or less means very little to me."

He yielded; he could not possibly continue his resistance, and in his happy face Alaire took her reward.

The mare meanwhile was doubtfully nosing her new master, deciding whether or not she liked him; but when he offered her a cube of sugar, her uncertainties disappeared, and they became friends then and there. He talked to her, too, in a way that would have won any female heart, and it was plain to anyone who knew horses that she began to consider him wholly delightful.

"You do speak their language," Alaire said, after she had watched them for a few minutes. "You have bewitched the creature." Dave nodded.

Once through the gate and safe to the side the restraining pasture fence, the herd was allowed to settle down. They began a patient search by outcast mothers, a series of mournful queries that were destined to continue far into the night; endless nosings and sniffs and caressings, which would keep up until each cow had found her own, until each calf was butting his head against maternal ribs and gaining that consolation which it craved.

A new moon was swinging in the sky as Alaire and Dave rode back toward Las Palmas. How or why Alaire Austin came to feel that this man loved her, she never knew. Certainly she knew tonight, and, strange to say, the knowledge did not disturb her. Alaire had been repelled by Don Longoria's evident love for her, but a similar emotion in this man's breast had quite the opposite effect. She was eager for friendship, hungry for affection, starved for that worship which every woman lives upon. Having a wholesome confidence in her own strength of character, and complete faith in Law's sense of honor, she was neither alarmed nor offended.

For the first time in years she allowed her intimate thoughts free expression, and spoke of her hopes, her interests and her efforts; under the spell of the moonlight, she even confessed something about those dreams that kept her solitary and robbed her world of its cordiness. Dave Law discovered that she lived in a fanciful land of unrealities, and the glimpse he gained of it was delightful.

Supper was waiting when they arrived at Las Palmas, and Dolores announced that "Young Ed" had telephoned from the Lewis ranch that he would not be home. Yielding to a sudden impulse, Alaire said to her companion:

"You must dine with me. Dolores will show you to a room. I will be ready in half an hour."

The Austin ranchhouse offered a contrast to the majority of Texas country homes. Not for many years had Dave Law been a guest amid such surroundings, and he began to feel more and more out of place. With growing discomfort, he realized that the mistress of this residence was the richest woman in all this part of Texas, and that he was little better than a tramp. Alaire knew how to be gracious and winning hostess; of course she did not appear to notice her guest's embarrassment. She had rather welcomed the thought that this man cared for her, and yet, had she deliberately planned to dampen his feeling, she could hardly have succeeded better than by showing him the wide disparity in their lives and situations. Dave was dismayed; he felt very poor and ridiculous. Alaire was no longer the woman he had ridden with through the solitudes; her vast friendliness seemed to be a condescension.

He did not linger long after they had dined for he wished to be alone, where he could reach an understanding with himself. On the steps he waited for a moment for Alaire to mention it, she chose that subject which she had still left open on the night before. Reading his thought, she said:

"You are expecting me to say something about Panfilo Sanchez."

"Yes."

"I have thought it over; in fact I have been thinking about it all day, but even yet I don't know what to tell you. As for its effect upon myself—you know I care very little what people say or think."

"I'm sorry I killed the fellow—I shouldn't have done it, but—some things differently out in the rough and here in the settled country. I can't help but feel that his conduct under the circumstances, called for—what he got. He wasn't a good man, in spite of what Jose says; Antonio confessed to me that they were planning all sorts of devilry together."

"That is hardly an excuse," Alaire smiled faintly.

"Oh, I know!" Dave agreed. "That wouldn't do my account."

"No! I'm not thinking of the consequences to you or to me. You are the kind of man who can protect himself, I'm sure; your very ability in that direction frightens me a little on your account. But," she sighed and laid her shoulders in a shrug—"Panfilo"

"I believe it. I can see that you are loyal."

"I was starved on sentiment when I was little, but it's in me bigger than a skinned ox. They say gratitude is an elemental, primitive emotion."

"Perhaps that's why it is so rare nowadays," said Alaire, not more than half in jest.

"You find it rare?" Dave looked up keenly. "Well, you have certainly laid up a store of it today."

Benito and his men had rounded up perhaps three thousand head of cattle when Alaire and her companion appeared, and they were in process of "cutting out." It was an animated scene, one fitted to rouse enthusiasm in any plainsman, for the stock was fat and healthy; there were many calves, and the incessant, rumbling complaint of the herd was blood-stirring. The Las Palmas cowboys rode like centaurs; the air was drumming to swift hoofbeats, and over all was the hoarse, booming cadence from countless horrid threats. Out near the grub wagon the remuda was grazing, and thither at intervals came the perky, zig-zagging horsemen to change their mounts.

Benito, wet, dusty and tired, rode up to his employer to report progress.

"Dios! This is hot work for an old man. We will never finish by dark," said he, whereupon Law promptly volunteered his services.

"Lead me your rope, Benito," Dave said out of his seat and, with an arm around the mare's neck, whispered into her ear. Dave answered by nodding the smaller rope with broken familiarity.

"Diablo! He has a way with horses, doesn't he?" Benito grinned. "Now, Alaire, she is wilder than a deer."

The giant herd bellowed and eddied, revolving like a vast pool of deep, swift water. The bulls were quarrelsome, the steers were stubborn, and the wet cows were distracted. In the out of this confusion the cowboys rode, following the animals selected for slaughter, forcing them out through the smaller herd of choice animals who were to remain on the ranch. It was swift, weary, exhausting work, the kind these Mexicans loved, for it was not only spectacular but held in amount of danger. Dave Law regarded himself one of them.

Alaire sat her horse in the heart of the crowd and watched the Ranger. Good riding she was, no doubt to be. But Law seemed to ignore his mount. In spite of the man's usual grace, he rode like a feather; it was grace and life and youth personified. Now he sat as erect in his stirrups as a swaying reed; again he stretched himself out like a whiplash. Once he had begun the work he would not stop.

At that afternoon the cowboy labored, and toward sundown the depleted herd was driven to the water. Then through the cool twilight came the drive to the next pasture, and how the patience of the cowboys was taxed to the utmost, for as the stronger members of the herd forged ahead, the weaker, worried, listless members lagged behind. But now there averted, dark devil riders were as gentle as women; they urged the tiny youngsters onward with hairless switches or with pointless blows from loose-collared shirts; they picked them up in their arms and rode with them.

Once through the gate and safe to the side the restraining pasture fence, the herd was allowed to settle down. They began a patient search by outcast mothers, a series of mournful queries that were destined to continue far into the night; endless nosings and sniffs and caressings, which would keep up until each cow had found her own, until each calf was butting his head against maternal ribs and gaining that consolation which it craved.

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## The Mercury.

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Between Aug. 1, 1914, and the end of last month, the British government advanced approximately \$5,200,000,000 to its allies.

The War Department is said to be arranging to send 80,000 infantrymen to France, and about 100,000 artillerymen.

The great corn crop promised this year is said now to be practically out of the way of the frosts. All crops in the west are looking well and the weather is propitious. It looks as though there would be a bountiful harvest this year.

Since America entered the war 1,300,000 men have volunteered for service in the army and navy. The land forces received 710,024, against 233,117 for the navy. Rejections among the volunteers number 356,859.

Following the vote in the Senate which eliminated all proposed stamp taxes on bank checks, it was predicted by senators that when the revenue bill passed the Senate it would be limited to three main sources of taxes, war profits, incomes, and liquor imposts.

The cost of equipping a soldier for war abroad is one hundred fifty even dollars. To get an army of a million ready to go abroad will cost one hundred fifty-seven millions, to say nothing about the expense of getting them over there and maintaining them there afterwards.

The river and harbor bill passed by Congress this year covers an appropriation of \$27,826,150. The amount spent on improving harbors is \$14,344,25. Of this sum New England gets \$480,000. The South gets \$3,750,000, and the Pacific coast gets \$1,249,000. Who says the South is not in the saddle?

Report received in Washington says that the most influential group of bankers in New York has advised that the chances of peace between now and spring have increased tremendously. Preparations are under consideration for the rearrangement of banking facilities to meet changed conditions.

It was reported early in the week that a fleet of German submarines was on its way to this side to attack American shipping in the waters off Long Island and southern Massachusetts. It was said that the Navy Department had ordered the commanders of all patrols to take extraordinary precautions.

American troops now in France may begin taking part in the actual conflict within the next week, as it is learned that the Official Bulletin issued by the War Department will begin a casualty column on Aug. 27. Casualties will be checked up and an information service maintained for the benefit of relatives of the men.

Our government under the stress of war necessity is assuming powers heretofore considered only as belonging to an absolute monarchy, like Germany under the rule of the Kaiser. We are presumed to be fighting for democracy at the same time we make our President an absolute dictator. What this will lead to when peace is once more declared no man can tell. The allowing one man to fix the price on everything raised, manufactured, or dug out of the ground is something new in the history of this country. It may work out all right. If the consumer gets the full benefit of such fixing of prices it will go a long way towards satisfying the people with this taste of arbitrary government.

Secretary of Commerce Redfield says: "New England should benefit largely by the tide of prosperity which is sweeping over the country. New England capital should find ample, fair investment; labor should keep fully employed at satisfactory wages. Millions of dollars of government money will be going into New England for many months, on account of war contracts. The whole country is handling the tremendous business of the war smoothly and successfully." We trust the Secretary's prognostications may prove correct. If prosperity comes to New England it will not be because this administration has done anything towards it.

Events the past week would seem to indicate that the Kaiser's forces are getting the worst of it all along the fighting line of nearly five hundred miles. They have been driven back on every attempt to break the allies lines. The fighting has been terrific, the slaughter something terrible, but the allies have continued to advance, though slowly. Germany has lost a million and a half of men since the war began, and she must know, at least the Kaiser does, that she is whipped, and it is only a question of time how much longer she can hold out. When the German people realize their condition and who was the prime cause of bringing them to this condition, somebody will doubtless have to pay the penalty. It is not impossible but that there will at no far distant day be another monarch out of a job.

## What is Our Limit of Credit.

Imports of gold into this country since we became belligerent total \$214,000,000. And the entire amount of gold brought in since the war in Europe began is \$1,677,000,000. The Journal des Debats, an influential Parisian newspaper, now tells us that we can expect no more gold from Europe, that we must ask for no more, that our position as a nation at war with Germany compels us to furnish to our European allies all the credits they may require, and that we shall be held ungenerous and slackers if we fail in this regard. Simultaneous with this the British Parliament is discussing fiscal legislation which indicates a purpose to seek a billion and a quarter of dollars from America. All this points to a condition where our legislators and financiers should be seeking an understanding, between themselves and with the governments of our allies—to say nothing of the people of the United States. There must somewhere be a limit to our ability to produce money, whether for our own use or for that of our allies. If prices are to be regulated, profits depleted, production diminished and taxation increased—while at the same time we are to be drained in credit for the benefit of European nations with whom we stand—what will the end be? The time to consider these problems is now, before conditions have become acute; and not after futile trial of vague expedients has depleted all our productive capacities.

## The South Gets the Benefit.

To facilitate the prompt movement of grain and food products, as well as lumber and munitions, the Car Service Commission of the Railroads' War Board has ordered the immediate distribution of 20,700 additional empty cars among the lines operating in the South, and Southwest.

This will make a total of 106,033 empty cars that have been ordered moved from one railroad to another, regardless of owner ship, during the past two months, in order to mobilize in different sections of the country a sufficient number of cars to handle the abnormal Government and commercial traffic that war conditions have produced.

A list of some thirty roads to which these cars have been sent shows that the South gets ninety-nine one hundredths of them, every car is furnished by roads in New England and the Middle States. This proves conclusively what we have said before that the South is getting all the business from this administration, even to the northern cars to handle the increased Southern traffic. Perhaps the people of the North will wake up sometime to the fact that they are left out in the cold.

At the present time women have full suffrage in the states of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, and Wyoming. This covers the entire Pacific coast and more than one-third the territory of the United States. On the tenth of next month the people of Maine vote on the question of equal suffrage, and just now the suffrage party is carrying on a vigorous campaign in the Pine Tree State. Several Rhode Island workers are campaigning there.

Ex-Lt-Gov. Grafton D. Cushing has decided to run for Governor of Massachusetts. It looks like a merry contest all round this fall. Gov. McCall and Lieut. Gov. Cushing on the Republican side and ex-Mayor Fitzgerald and former Candidate Mansfield on the Democratic side. Probably the hardest contest will be the preliminary one for nomination. Massachusetts is blessed with two elections every year.

The mobilization of the second and third draft increment has been postponed to September 19 and October 31. Most of the drafted men will not object to this postponement. Our drafted troops will not get to Europe till sometime next season. By that time it is hoped that the war will be over.

Diphtheria is an expensive luxury for Newport. Besides the bad advertising Newport has got throughout the world the expense of seventeen thousand dollars will make no small addition to the overdraft expected this year. We can easily imagine that next year's taxes will mount up several figures.

The Government now wants one billion dollars for completion of the contracts now made for building ships during the next eighteen months. We used to talk of a million as a large sum. Now nothing less than billions is thought of.

Newport has had many distinguished guests this season but has entertained none more distinguished than Lord Northcliffe who has been a guest of Governor Beekman this week.

Tomatoes are reported to be selling in the Providence markets at 60 cents a bushel. Please ship a few thousand bushels this way.

## The Report Courtous!

(Merits papers please copy)

A few years ago, while watching a parade in Boston in which the Stars and Stripes were conspicuous, a fair foreigner with strong anti-American proclivities turned to a companion and, commenting on the display, pettishly remarked:

"That American flag makes me sick. It looks just like a piece of checker-berry candy."

Senator Lodge, who was standing near by, overheard the remark and turning to the young lady, said:

"Yes, miss, it does. And it makes every one sick who tries to lick it."

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

## CAR AND AUTO COLLISION.

Monday evening about seven o'clock quite a serious accident occurred in front of St. Mary's Church farm. A motorist operated by Harry Williams of Newport was going north and upon reaching this spot he attempted to turn around. In so doing he backed on the car track and probably stalled his engine, although no one seems sure of this fact. An electric car came from Newport heavily loaded, with the running boards full. This struck the machine and threw it all the way across the road and up on the sidewalk, headed in the opposite direction. There were two little girls in the machine beside the driver, and when he saw the car upon him he took one child in his arms and started to jump, pulling the larger child along with him. They were all thrown down and one child named Danully was severely injured, being considerably cut about the head and it is probable that she also received internal injuries. The other little girl, daughter of Mrs. Thomas E. Flaherty of Tiamas street, was shaken up, bruised and terribly frightened. J. Austin Peckham arrived almost immediately and took the children to Dr. DeBelle's office where the Donnelly girl's wounds were dressed. Later he took the children and Mr. Williams to their homes. The men on the running-board of the car saw that there must be a collision so they crowded into the car. The collision smashed the automobile up pretty badly although the engine was not injured. The running board was torn from the car but only one man was injured, and probably that was not severe. The car was driven by Motorist Harold Macomber and was coming down a grade at a good rate of speed. All the tools and other contents of the machine were scattered over the road. Mr. Williams' purse containing a sum of money and his driver's license, was lost and was not recovered.

Miss Rachel Peckham entertained a party of young people at a dinner party on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lucy Anthony is caring for Capt. Oliver G. Hicks, who recently submitted to another operation.

At the regular monthly meeting of Portsmouth Grange the first and second degrees were conferred upon three candidates. Worthy Master Jesse L. Durfee was in charge of the meeting. Later there was a social hour and refreshments were served.

A community drying center has been opened at the Colonel William Horton Chapter, D. A. R., Chapter House and the work of drying fruit and vegetables for the U. S. Army, the work being done under the direction of the food conservation committee. An expert instructor has been present every day and many have volunteered their services and given of their garden supply. The dried articles are more easily transported than the canned food. Later dryers will be loaned to those who wish to dry food-stuffs for the soldiers or for themselves.

Rev. John F. Lowden, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Mrs. Lowden, have gone to New Jersey and Pennsylvania to spend their vacation.

Mrs. Thomas Holman is entertaining her brother, Dr. Christopher D. Albino.

Mrs. Walter Brinkman and her two daughters, Ruth and Dorothy, have returned from a visit to the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crabtree of Gardner, Mass.

Mrs. M. F. Taylor of Providence, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Anthony, has gone to Newport to visit her niece, Miss Sarah Taylor of Warner street. Later she will visit her brother, Mr. Albert W. Goddard of Third street.

Capt. Reginald C. Vanderbilt entertained Portsmouth Constabulary at Sandy Point farm on Saturday afternoon. An exhibition drill was held at one o'clock, followed by a clambake on the shore by Caterer Herbert Negus. Fifty-two members were present. The Seventh Artillery Band played for the drill and during the afternoon. Capt. Vanderbilt, Governor Beekman and Mayor Durfee of Newport reviewed the Company. The Portsmouth town council was also present. Capt. Vanderbilt presented a stand of colors to the Company and Rev. Robert Downing and Mr. Frank Sherman were chosen as color-bearers. After dinner there was target practice and a base ball game between the privates and the officers which was won by the former with a score of 9 to 7. Drill-master Arthur A. Sherman thanked Capt. Vanderbilt for his many kindnesses and especially for the outing given the company on this day. The Constabulary will drill twice weekly, Mondays and Saturdays, in preparation for the exhibition drill at the Newport County Fair.

Mr. Albert Lee Purcell of Washington, D. C., is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purcell at Oakland Farm.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School held its annual picnic this week. A special car left the church about 9 o'clock taking the party to Morton Park, where lunch was served. Later the car took all to Newport Beach where they spent the afternoon, returning home about 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Eunice A. Greene is entertaining her grand-daughter, Miss Helen Allen.

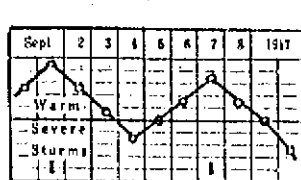
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Chase have a son born at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday evening.

Joseph Pacheco, Jr., was driving a wagon to Newport Tuesday when it was struck from behind by an automobile. The machine turned out to pass a wagon which was directly behind Mr. Pacheco, not seeing that there were two vehicles, so in turning into the road again the machine struck the wagon. It was loaded with garden produce and young Mr. Pacheco was thrown out and the wagon overturned. The young man was pinned under the load and when extricated he was found to be badly bruised but apparently not seriously injured. A physician attended him and later he was taken to his home.

## Was Still Hope.

Uncle was telling his two little nieces a story. It was a blood-curdling affair with himself as the hero. During the latter part of the story, when it looked as if Uncle would get the worst of it, Aunt Helen, sitting near in order to lend reality to the narrative, pretended to weep, whereupon the elder of the two children turned to her and said: "Don't cry, Aunt Helen; he isn't dead yet."

## WEATHER BULLETIN.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 25. Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbance to cross continent August 23 to 27, with wave 22 to 26, cool wave 26 to 30. This will cause an upward trend of temperatures, the storms will be greater than normal force, principal rains will begin to break away from the three western provinces of Canada and middle northwestern states and establish their headquarters in the United States, Mexico and Central America.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about August 23 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of Aug. 30, plains sections 31, meridian 90, great lakes and Ohio valleys Sept. 1, eastern sections 2, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Sept. 3. Storm wave will follow about one day behind warm wave and cool wave about one day behind storm wave.

These storms will not be great but of greater than the average intensity. The warm wave will bring unusually high temperatures and the cool wave following will cause a great fall in temperatures. More than usual rain is expected with this storm in large sections of the States but not much rain in Canada. This will be favorable to our late corn, our pastures, our winter grain and to the Canadian harvests. These rains will irrigate good cropweather for blue grass fall pastures, winter wheat and other winter grains.

These early September rains will particularly benefit cotton where the drought has not killed it and top cotton will have a good growth throughout September and October. This may make a great change in the cotton crops as, up to near first of September crop-weather conditions have seemed to be against the crop. Enterprising farmers may be able to put some late green stuff into their silos.

Another warm wave will reach Vancouver about Sept. 4 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of Sept. 5, plains sections 6, meridian 90, great lakes and Ohio valleys 7, eastern sections 8, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Sept. 9. Storm wave will follow about one day behind warm wave and cool wave about one day behind storm wave.

This storm will be of more than normal intensity; the warm wave will not go to such high temperatures as in the preceding storm and the cool wave will carry temperatures down to the frost line.

From Sept. 11 to 27 temperatures will fluctuate as usual but rise more than they fall and it will be excessively warm near latter date. The rains will begin to move away from this continent about Sept. 20 but sufficient moisture will have been deposited for crop-weather purposes. October will be unusually stormy with severe, disagreeable weather. Three hurricanes are expected during that month, near 4, 18 and 31.

During October Jupiter, Saturn, Mars and Venus will be visible. The ancients, whose descendants were called Normans, called these planets the wandering stars.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cozzens of Wollaston, Mass., are visiting Colonel and Mrs. William J. Cozzens, having come over the road in their closed car.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC, AUGUST 1917.

STANDARD TIME.											
	Sun	Moon	Sun	Moon	Sun	Moon	Sun	Moon	Sun	Moon	Sun
25 Sat	5 02	6 30	10 07	12 10	12 34	1 35	2 36	3 37	4 38	5 39	6 40
26 Sun	5 03	6 31	10 08	12 11	12 35	1 36	2 37	3 38	4 39	5 40	6 41
27 Mon	5 04	6 32	10 09	12 12	12 36	1 37	2 38	3 39	4 40	5 41	6 42
28 Tues	5 05	6 33	10 10	12 13	12 37	1 38	2 39	3 40	4 41	5 42	6 43
29 Wed	5 06	6 34	10 11	12 14	12 38	1 39	2 40	3 41	4 42	5 43	6 44
30 Thurs	5 07	6 35	10 12	12 15	12 39	1 40	2 41	3 42	4 43	5 44	6 45
31 Fri	5 08	6 36	10 13	12 16	12 40	1 41	2 42	3 43	4 44	5 45	6 46

Full Moon Aug. 8 12:11m. Morning

Moon's last qt. Aug. 9 2:56m. Evening

New Moon Aug. 17 12:11m. Evening

First qt. Aug. 25 2:56m. Evening

## Deaths.

At his residence, Swanhurst, Newport, Rhode Island, on the morning of Sunday, August eighteen, George Lockhart Rix, in this city, 17th inst., Ellen Fraser, widow of James A. Rix, died at 81 years.

In this city, 19th inst., Edward William, son of William E. and Mary Catherine Rix, aged 6 years and 7 months.

In this city, 21st inst., Rosa Silvia, wife of Manuel Silvera Marks, and daughter of Antonio C. and the late Rosa Silvia, aged 21 years.

In this city, 22d inst., Alice B. widow of the late Captain George B. Stetson and daughter of the late William J. and Eliza Macdon Holt, in her 83d year.

In this city, 22d inst., Michael J. Murphy, in this city, Aug. 23, Brucella, wife of Samuel H. Curtis.

In this city, Aug. 23, Shirley E. daughter of Ephraim A. and Ethel M. Webster, aged 1 year, 7 months, 10 days.

In Providence, 18th inst., Annie C. daughter of Samuel R. and Irma R. L. White, formerly of New Shoreham.

PERSONS LIVING IN OTHER STATES, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding (tenants) houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

## A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

122 BELLEVUE AVENUE, NEWPORT, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1881. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Atlantic City for Summer Villas and Country Place.

## Do You Want Cash

## For Your Farm Property?

If so, write to

Farmers &amp; Traders' Bureau,

1220-25th

B. 78 Jamestown, N. Y.

The heavy horizontal line represents the normal of temperature. The zigzag line is the predicted movement of temperatures up and down. Dates at the top are for their time at meridian 90. If you are east of that line these weather features should reach you one or two days later; if west of it one to three days earlier. Meridian 90 is near the Mississippi River. Newport is many degrees east and the weather prediction will apply here two days later.

## NEWS CONDENSED

## FOR BUSY READERS

## Happenings in Various Parts

## of New England

Roy Hamilton, 11, of Malden, Mass., was drowned while bathing.

Sixteen horses were burned to death in a fire at Boston caused by lightning.

Mrs. Mandilla Iavobucci of Quincy, Mass., charged with practicing medicine without being registered, was fined \$100.

Charged with murdering his wife, Olive, by shooting, Carl O. Willis was held at Dedham, Mass., for the grand jury without bail.

Charles W. Bancroft, president of the International Trust company, was appointed receiver for the W. & A. Bacon company of Boston.

Joseph M. Russell, Jr., 23, assistant receiving teller of the New England Trust company, Boston, was drowned in Boston harbor.

Louie Pantella, a laborer, was killed in the cave-in of a portion of a cellar wall of a theatre under construction at Waltham, Mass.

Plans are being considered by the naval authorities to prohibit operation of pleasure craft and excursion boats in Boston harbor during heavy fog.

Former Attorney General Dana Malone, 59, died at Greenfield, Mass., from a fractured skull, received when he was thrown from his mount while horseback riding.

There is work for many men at the Boston navy yard. There are places for common laborers, boat builders, wood caulkers, shipfitters, steel molders and melters.

Buntley N. Spaulding of Rochester has been approved as food administrator of New Hampshire by President Wilson. Spaulding was named by Herbert C. Hoover.

Two soldiers at Fort McKinley, on Great Blamond Island, Portland, Me., harbor, who were in detention for military offenses, broke out of the guard house and escaped.

Adelbert H. Bicknell, naval aviator, of Everett, who was in training at the naval reserve station on Nantucket Island, Boston harbor, was drowned while swimming.

Dr. D. A. Sargent, director of gymnastics at Harvard university, has been appointed by the navy department to train the members of the naval reserve radio school.

Leo Folsom, a youthful Corinna, Me., farmer of draft age, shot and killed his 16-year-old wife and himself because she planned to leave him without cause for exemption.

Mrs. Marlon Corner plunged six stories to instant death at Holyoke, Mass. She had been ill for nearly two years. Recently she had been constantly attended by a nurse.

Charles M. Bailey, who was engaged in the manufacture of oilcloth for seventy-five years, died at Wintthrop, Me., at the age of 97. He was said to be worth nearly \$10,000,000.

Seated in an office chair in the hardware store at Gloucester, Mass., where he had worked for forty-seven years, Frank E. Smothers, 65, its owner, committed suicide by gas poisoning.

James Golden, a patrolman, pleaded guilty to the murder of his father, Nicholas Golden, at Bristol, R. I., by shooting. The patrolman said his father first struck him with a hammer.

The body of Charles W. Lahan, 45, a farmer, was found hanging to the rafters of a barn at Quincy, Mass. His health is said to be the cause of the suicide.

George Moody, 50, who had been held for the grand jury on a statutory charge, committed suicide at Portland, Me., by shooting. He left a note declaring that the case against him was trumped up.

The worst electrical storm for many years swept over Portsmouth, N. H., causing four fires, burning out telephone wires and covering car tracks with washed out sand. Lightning struck in many places.

David I. Walsh, former governor of Massachusetts, was appointed receiver of the New England Equitable Insurance company, to take the place of Dana Malone, who recently was killed by a fall from his horse.

Lieutenant George H. Paul of the United States naval reserve was dishonorably discharged from service and escorted from the Boston navy yard for absconding himself without leave and for conduct unbecoming an officer.

The first pastor of New England to offer his services to the United States navy for active duty was Rev. Jack Hyde, the organizer and founder of Union parish, Me., which includes five Baptist churches and parishes in the Onseep valley.

After threatening, the authorities, to kill her son rather than let him serve in the national army and to shoot anyone who tried to force him to register for military service, Mrs. Mary Valaski of Prospect, Conn., was arrested.

The New Hampshire governor's council appointed a commission to aid soldiers.

White on her way to work Mrs. Marlon Corner, 21, of Braintree, Mass., was struck by a train and instantly killed.

Joseph Souza, an employee on a farm near Central Village, Mass., was struck by a bolt of lightning and instantly killed.

Ward C. Mansfield, town treasurer of Reading, Mass., resigned the office he has held for ten years, on the ground of ill health.

Patrick J. McCarthy, 30, of Newton, Mass., was killed when a motor cycle on which he was riding blew out a tire and skidded.

A woman Radley is being sought by the Medford, Mass., police. She is accused of committing a dozen or more daylight robberies.

William H. Ker, 29, an undertaker, committed suicide at Meriden, Conn., by inhaling illuminating gas. He was recently passed in the military draft.

Three men held up and robbed Joseph Woodhead, a Pawtucket, R. I., expressman, after beating him unconscious. The trio escaped with \$150.

Camp Hingham, located on the United States naval magazine grounds at Hingham, Mass., was placed in commission under the navy regulations.

The body of Jennie Hemmingsway, 14 years old, was found in the edge of a cornfield at St. Albans, Vt. Robert Wain was held pending an investigation.

The federal government took over the Bay State rifle range at Wakefield, Mass., until Dec. 1. The range is the property of a shooting association.

Private Warren K. Daley of Auburn, Mass., a member of a battery, was killed when the automobile in which he was riding crashed into a telephone pole.

Essex county, Mass., especially in the cities where there are many aliens, is becoming deeply aroused over the number of aliens claiming exemption from the draft.

The New England Fish Exchange, Boston, subscribed \$5000 as the basis of a permanent fund for the widows and orphans of New England fishermen lost at sea.

Garbed as a boy, 14-year-old Rosie Pearson of Portland, Me., wandered about the state, even working in a factory with men employees, without her sex being discovered.

George W. Proal, 58, an ice dealer and contractor, shot and killed his 6-year-old daughter, Ethel, and then committed suicide by shooting at his home at Plainville, Mass.

The strikes of the pollsters at the Remington Arms plant and of the machinists at the Lake Torpedo Boat company, Bridgeport, Conn., have apparently reached a deadlock.

Napoleon Charest, former member of 11 company, Eighth regiment, was held in \$500 bail at Salem, Mass., on the charge of forging Captain States' name to a check which he cashed.

A bacteria disease, imported from Africa to kill grasshoppers, was given its first trial on a farm at Dummerston, Vt. It is the first experiment of the kind to be made in New England.



## PREPARING FOR TRIESTE'S FALL

Austrians Reported Stripping City of Valuables

### ITALIAN VICTORY IS GROWING

Cadorna's Troops Not Dislodged Despite Violent Counter Attacks—Russians Fall Back Before Teuton Attacks—Allies Continue to Gain on Western Battle Fronts

London, Aug. 21.—The great offensive of the Italians along the Isonzo front daily continues to gain in impetus, and apparently the strong Austrian counter attacks nowhere have been able to stem the tide which is bringing General Cadorna's men gradually closer toward their objective, Trieste.

On both the northern and southern ends of the battle line the Italians have pressed forward their line for considerable new gains against the Austrians. The counter attacks of the Austrians are extremely violent, but nowhere have they been able to dislodge the Italians. More than 15,000 prisoners already have been taken by the Italians.

Although the exact extent of the Italian advance has not yet become apparent and the objective aimed at is not definitely known, Cadorna, over the entire thirty-seven miles of the fighting front, has everywhere made progress and the Austrians are reported unofficially to be stripping Trieste of its valuables and moving them to Vienna and other places—evidence that the Austrians anticipate where the Italians hope their final blow will fall.

East of Riga the Russians have fallen back before the Germans all along the line from Hagenhausen, on the Gulf of Riga, through Tukums and Kamern, to the upper reaches of the Aa river. Fighting is going on a scant twenty miles east of Riga, in the Lake Balat sector. The German official communication says the Russians evacuated positions without offering battle, previously having destroyed villages behind them.

In Volhynia the Germans also have delivered attacks against the Russians for gains of territory, but later were dislodged in counter attacks. In the Rumanian theatre the Russo-Rumanian troops have taken the offensive in various sectors or repulsed Teutonic allied counter attacks. No important gains in this region have been made by either of the combatants.

In Russia the political situation again is to the fore. Petrograd newspapers take the pessimistic view that unless an agreement between the contending political groups is reached at the approaching extraordinary national council to be held at Moscow open conflict must follow.

The situation remains acute in Finland owing to the difficulty of establishing a new cabinet and the persistent efforts of the Socialists to reconvene the dissolved parliament, which Premier Kerensky is said to oppose, no matter what the cost.

Around Verdun in France the French army is holding its gains of the early week, unhampered by the German infantry, but with the guns of the Crown Prince Rupprecht, various points.

At Lens the Canadians have worked their way further into the environs of the coal city, and in Belgium, near Ypres, Field Marshal Haig's men have been victorious in a two-day battle, making gains over their front varying in depth from half a mile to a few hundred yards, notwithstanding the tenacious resistance of the crown Prince Rupprecht.

### MAIL FOR TROOPS ABROAD

It Will Not Reach Its Destination If Addressed to "Somewhere"

Washington, Aug. 21.—Mail for American soldiers in France will not be forwarded unless the addresses show the company and regiment or the name of the separate unit to which the soldier belongs.

Postmaster General Burleson directed postmasters to return to senders all mail not addressed in that manner. The American postal agency in France has been swamped with mail bearing such addresses as "Somewhere in France," "Care the American expeditionary forces," etc.

It has been found impossible by the postal authorities to undertake the location of men to whom letters are addressed without specific company and regiment designation, as commands are scattered and opportunities to exchange mail between the different units are limited.

### SECOND DRAFT CALL

Little Likelihood of It Being Issued Before Spring of 1918

Washington, Aug. 23.—A full statistical report on the operations of the draft law will be prepared by the district marshal general's office as soon as the mobilization of the first increment of 687,000 men of the national army has been completed.

Pending the preparation of the report and careful analysis of the conditions it discloses no steps toward calling a second increment to the colors will be taken.

The first increment will fill all the training areas—sixteen National Guard camps and sixteen national army cantonments—to capacity, and there will be a surplus of men besides those assigned to the regular army.

### VISCOUNT ISHII.

Head of Japanese Mission Now Touring United States.



Photo by American Press Association.

The regulars are now 12,000 above full authorized war strength by voluntary enlistment, and the National Guard is in a similar situation.

Training facilities already are taxed to make ready for the front men now available, and it is regarded as very unlikely that organization of an additional 500,000 men of the national army can be begun until the early spring of 1918. Neither quarters nor personnel to train the force will be available before that time.

### FOR SERVICE IN FRANCE

New England Troops Are Ordered to Mobilize at Once

Washington, Aug. 21.—The war department ordered General Edwards, in command of the Twenty-sixth New England National Guard division, to mobilize his command at once for foreign service.

Adjutant General McCain authorized publication of the statement that the New England Guard division would be sent to France at once. The port of embarkation has been selected, but this, of course, will be kept secret. Besides the New England Guard troops it is believed that in the near future the northwestern National Guard division, comprising troops from the states of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, will be sent to France.

### SEE ADLER DESTROYED

German Sea Raider Said to Have Been Sunk by a British Warship

An Atlantic Port, Aug. 21.—The German sea raider, See Adler, (See Eagle) which struck terror in South American waters last winter, has been sunk, according to members of a British steamship's crew here.

The German raider, they said, went down fighting hard after a battle with a British warship. Only a few of her men were saved. The ship which brought the news is said to have had twelve members of the See Adler's crew aboard.

### WAR ON PROFITEERS

Coal Retailers' and Consumers' Rates Will Be Established Soon

Washington, Aug. 23.—Spectacular blows at war profits have been struck in all government quarters. President Wilson began his price-fixing program by establishing a price of approximately \$2 a ton on bituminous coal at the mine, and expects to fix the price to retailer, and consumer soon.

President Wilson's sweeping action in tumbling down the price of coal only foreshadows what the government is ready to do in the case of other products—steel, oil and everything needed by the government.

Labor, determined to share in the profits, threatens strikes in many shipyards and other plants. It is expected, however, that early adjustment of these troubles will come.

Sixty Thousand Persons Homeless London, Aug. 24.—The first detailed account of the disasters at Salonica says that 60,000 persons are homeless and that the property loss is enormous. The whole waterfront with its fine buildings, including several churches and mosques, was destroyed.

### Army Flier Killed

Essington, Pa., Aug. 21.—Robert Barron, a student at the United States flying school here, was instantly killed when he fell and plunged his head into the whirling propeller of his machine. He was to marry a Boston woman next week.

Mosquito Causes Three Deaths Richmond, Aug. 22.—The bite of one mosquito, communicating pernicious malaria, is held responsible for the quick death of three members of the Sklaner family here within two days.

No Smoking on German Streets Amsterdam, Aug. 24.—According to a Berlin dispatch the police in Germany intend to prohibit smoking in the streets throughout Germany in view of the decline of tobacco stocks.

Finnish Slackers Jailed Cleveland, Aug. 24.—Twenty-seven Finnish members of the I. W. W. are in jail as a result of a spectacular raid made on a "Finnish slackers' nest" here.

## WILSON FIXES PRICE ON COAL

Names \$4 to \$5 a Ton For Anthracite at Mines

### TWENTY CENTS TON PROFIT

Allowed Jobbers For Deliveries East of Buffalo—Other Producers Allowed Seventy-Five Cents a Ton Over Figures Set For Railroad-Owned Mines—Labor a Problem

Washington, Aug. 21.—Government control of the coal industry was made almost complete when President Wilson named Dr. H. A. Garfield, president of Williams college, as fuel administrator, fixed anthracite prices for producers and jobbers, and set a limit on profits to be made by bituminous wholesalers.

The final step will be to make regulations for coal distribution and to fix anthracite and bituminous retail prices. This will be done when a distribution program is perfected and when the federal trade commission has completed a plan under which retail profits may be fixed.

The anthracite prices fixed, effective Sept. 1, are virtually the same as those now charged at the mines under a voluntary arrangement made by producers with the trade commission.

The prices that may be charged by jobbers, however, will reduce present costs sharply. Bituminous jobbers' profits, too, will be cut by the new price scale set for wholesale transactions.

The anthracite scale for railroad owned mines, which include virtually all the big producers, follows:

The anthracite prices, effective Sept. 1, range from \$4 to \$5 per ton, (2240 pounds), f. o. b. mines. Jobbers are allowed to add a profit of not more than 20 cents per ton for deliveries east of Buffalo and of not more than 30 cents west of Buffalo.

The jobbers' profit on bituminous is limited to 15 cents per ton of 2000 pounds, wherever delivered.

Anthracite prices are fixed as follows:

White ash—Broken, \$1.55; egg, \$1.45; stove, \$1.70; chestnut, \$1.80; pea, \$1. Red ash—Broken, \$1.75; egg, \$1.65; stove, \$1.90; chestnut, \$1.90; pea, \$1.10. Lykens Valley—Broken, \$5; egg, \$4.90; stove, \$4.30; chestnut, \$5.30; pea, \$4.35.

Producers who incur the expense of reconditioning anthracite at Atlantic or lake ports for reshipment by water are permitted to add not more than 5 cents per ton to the price.

Other producers may charge an advance of 75 cents a ton of 2240 pounds over the figures set for the railroad-owned mines. Those who incur the expense of reconditioning it at Atlantic or lake ports may add an additional 5 cents a ton.

Bituminous profits for jobbers are fixed at 15 cents a ton of 2000 pounds and the same restrictions that govern dealers by a number of anthracite jobbers apply to bituminous transactions.

The president's order forbids railroad-owned mines from selling to other mines and prohibits dealers from selling coal produced by railroad-owned mines on a basis of prices fixed for other mines. The bituminous jobbers' prices become effective immediately.

Under the law giving the president control of fuels the government can take over and operate any mines failing to observe regulations prescribed. The last resort under the law is government requisitioning of the output of all mines and the sale of it to the public.

The biggest problem ahead of the coal administration, as seen by officials who have studied the situation, is the labor situation. The general reduction in prices in the bituminous fields probably means that labor will be disappointed in many requests for wage increases based on the high prices producers have been receiving for their output.

If there are strikes and production is reduced the government can take over and operate the mines, but it had no power to compel labor to work. Officials of the government and labor representatives are conducting negotiations over this problem.

### Draft Conspirators Sentenced

New York, Aug. 21.—S. J. Bernfeld and Louis I. Cheroy, indicted members of exemption board No. 99, entered pleas of guilty to a charge of conspiracy to obstruct the draft law when they were about to be placed on trial. They were sentenced to two years each in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

### Lincoln's County Makes Record

Muskegon, Aug. 23.—The draft quota of Larue county, the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, for the national army was 132 men. Only 132 were examined. Not one claimed exemption, and not one failed to pass.

### Bomb in Chicago Beer Garden

Chicago, Aug. 23.—Someone threw a high explosive bomb over the fence of Bismarck Beer Garden, on the North Side. It tore a great gap in the ground and destroyed chairs and tables in the garden.

### "Daniels' Son" Under Arrest

Atlantic City, Aug. 23.—Joseph Levy, 20, of New York, was arrested here as the man who has been fleecing business men by representing himself to be a son of Secretary of the Navy Daniels and an agent of the department of justice. He was held under \$1000 bail for court.

## DEVONIAN WAS LONG SOUGHT BY U-BOATS

Big Boston Liner at Last Becomes Victim of Germans

Boston, Aug. 21.—The Loyland line steamship Devonian, which for the past seventeen years has plied between Boston and Liverpool, has at last fallen victim to the German sea pirates, after having continued uninterrupted on her voyages throughout the submarine war without even so much as sighting a periscope.

Word was received here that the big liner, three days out from Liverpool to this port, had been torpedoed and sent to the bottom.

The Devonian was known to both the Germans and the allies as the most successful blockade runner in the Atlantic, and the Teuton submarine commanders had been awaiting for months for a chance to torpedo her.

The fate of the commander, Captain Trant, his officers and crew, numbering about sixty all told, as well as sixty or more horsemen, is unknown, but it is considered likely that all hands were rescued following the disaster.

The Devonian was a steel vessel of 10,435 tons gross register, the largest and finest of the Loyland fleet. Under present conditions she was worth \$2,500,000. Like all British merchantmen, the Devonian carried the usual defensive armament. She was the first of the Boston fleet to be so equipped.

### OSBORN MAKES CHANGES

Mutual Welfare League Is in Operation at Naval Prison

Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 21.—Thomas M. Osborn, lately placed in command of the naval prison here, noticed such a decided change among the 600 prisoners that the Mutual Welfare league was put in operation today.

The prisoners were allowed freedom of the grounds during the dinner hour yesterday, under the honor system introduced by Osborn.

All the prisoners joined the league and the officers of the league were elected. Among the officers are twenty-one league sergeants whose duty it is to see that the appearance of the men is kept up to the standard.

Last night another innovation was made, when the prisoners were allowed to talk at the supper table.

The prisoners are now permitted all kinds of recreations, including baseball and lawn tennis.

Professor McCormick of Bowdoin college, who served as a prisoner there last winter, studying conditions, has been appointed an ensign in the navy and will be an assistant to Osborn at the prison.

### SOMERS HEADS G. A. R.

Candidacy of Indiana Man Met With No Opposition

Boston, Aug. 21.—Orlando A. Somers of Kokomo, Ind., was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. His candidacy was unopposed.

John L. Clem, major general, U. S. A., retired, was elected senior vice commander-in-chief. He is one of the youngest of the Civil war veterans, enlisting at the age of 10 years and known to everyone who wears the bronze G. A. R. star as the "drummer boy of Chickamauga."

John W. Virlin of Illinois was elected junior commander-in-chief after a sharp contest. John M. Adams of Ohio was chosen chaplain-in-chief. Rev. C. H. Prady, chaplain-in-chief.

### Navy Yard Employees Loyal

Washington, Aug. 23.—Earnest co-operation with the government in all its plans for the war was pledged to Secretary Daniels by the 7000 mechanics and other civilian employees of the Philadelphia navy yard.

### Gotham Banks Employ Women

New York, Aug. 23.—Because of the war and the resulting scarcity of men in many lines of work, forty-four large banks and trust companies here are filling vacancies with women.

## Learn To Prevent As Well As Heal Skin Troubles With Cuticura

How much better to prevent skin suffering by using Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes, the Soap to cleanse and purify the pores, with touches of Ointment now and then as needed to soothe and heal the first signs of eczemas, rashes, dandruff and pimples. You will use no other once you try them.



### SAMPLES FREE

Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 27, Boston." For sale by your druggist.

**SOME PUNKINS** **A REAL OLD TIME FAIR**

**LITTLE RHODY'S BIG FAIR**

**KINGSTON FAIR**

**SEPT. 11, 12, 13 AND 14<sup>TH</sup>**

**TUES. SEPT. 11** THE DAY TO SEE THE **BIG EXHIBITS**

**WED. SEPT. 12** APPROPRIATE EXERCISES, **GRANGE DAY**

**THURS. SEPT. 13** ALL UNDER 15 YEARS ADMITTED FREE **GOVERNOR'S DAY**

**FRI. SEPT. 14** EVERY AFTERNOON—INCREASED PRIZES AND PREMIUMS **CHILDREN'S DAY**

**FAST RACING EXHIBITIONS** **LIVESTOCK, FARM IMPLEMENTS, HOUSEHOLD AND BABY PRODUCTS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, PLANTS, TEXTILES, ART, NEEDLE WORK, INVENTIONS, ETC., ETC.**

**TAKE A TRIP TO KINGSTON**

**FREE VAUDEVILLE** **DAILY 10:30 AM & 1:30 PM** **IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND** **SUPPLIED BY LOCAL ENTERTAINERS**

## AN AID TO BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

The Newport Trust Company has been a considerable factor in the upbuilding of a sound business enterprise. Our banking experience and modern facilities are at your service.

Accounts subject to check are invited.

## NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819

At the annual meeting of the corporation of The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I., held Friday, July 20th, 1917, the following officers and trustees were elected for the year ensuing, viz:

Wm. H. Hammett, President Wm. Paine Sheffield, Vice President

### TRUSTEES

T. T. Pitman William K. Covell Wm. H. Hammett  
Anthony Stewart Peter King Wm. P. Buffum  
Wm. Paine Sheffield Wm. P. Carr Wm. W. Covell  
Wm. A. Sherman Bradford Norman G. P. Taylor  
H. C. Stevens

At a meeting of the Trustees held on the adjournment of the said annual meeting the following officers were elected for the year ensuing, viz:

Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer Harry G. Wilks, Asst. Treasurer  
William P. Carr, Secretary Edwin S. Burdick, Bookkeeper  
Abner L. Slocum, Clerk Clark Burdick, Counsel

### AUDITING COMMITTEE

William P. Buffum William W. Covell

### STANDING COMMITTEE

Wm. H. Hammett, Bradford Norman, Wm. A. Sherman, Wm. P. Carr  
WM. P. CARR, Secretary.

## For Your Vacation

Enjoy a summer's outing far above the heat and dust of the workaday world in the

## White Mountains

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mile high peaks, hundred mile views, splendid outdoor recreation, golf, tennis, motoring, every summer sport, invigorating air, and delightful social life. Superb hotels; comfortable boarding houses.

For illustrated booklets, write Advertising Dept., New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

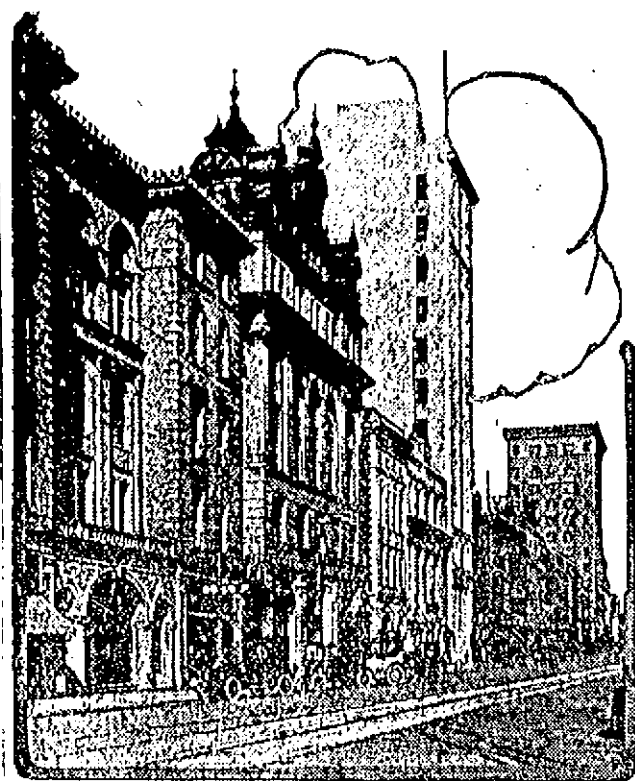
## Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top. You insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the victuals.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.



SOUTH TRYON STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
The "Wall Street" of Charlotte

## CHARLOTTE HOME OF CAMP GREENE

Historic Town in Piedmont Section of North Carolina is One of Most Favored Cities of the South—Climate, Water and Surroundings Unequaled—Ideal Location for Cantonment.

Charlotte, the city which is to be the transient home of the New England troops, is a historic community, celebrated for the most part by reason of the fact that it was here that the first declaration of independence was executed. Patriots of Mecklenburg, the county of which Charlotte is the seat, gathered on a spot now the central site of the city, marked by the intersection of its two principal streets, and without awaiting the later action in Philadelphia, signed a document in behalf of British independence, which has become historic, on May 20th, 1776. This date is annually celebrated by the State, with Charlotte staging its most monumental pageant, Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, Vice President Marshall and President Wilson have all been the distinguished guests of honor on the occasions of these celebrations. President Wilson having made the principal address and being the central figure in the celebration on May 20th, 1916.

Charlotte is, moreover, the metropolis of North Carolina. Its population is 50,000 and it is the most favored of all Carolina cities in many activities, notably that of cotton manufacturing. Within a radius of 50 miles of Charlotte are 400 cotton mills with a payroll of \$30,000,000 a year and having over 400,000 employees. Its own principal industry is cotton manufacture and the manufacture of by-products of cotton. It is the main distributing center of the Carolinas being State headquarters for more automobile distributing agencies than any other city in the two States. Its skyscrapers are office buildings tenanted by representatives of Northern and Eastern firms and corporations whose range of activities is over North and South Carolina, the Southern branches of these institutions being centered here.

The aggregate cost of the cantonment when it shall have been made ready for the troops will be between \$2,000,000 and \$2,500,000. There will be an aggregate of nearly 2,000 buildings of wooden construction, in addition to thousands of tents. The wooden structures are barracks, mess halls, hospitals, officers' headquarters and every other essential of a city for an army numbering 50,000 men.

In addition to this central camp or cantonment center, there will be other locations for specific divisions of this vast army of guardsmen. There will be an aviation field of hundreds of acres; a remount station of equal area; a rifle range, artillery range, this latter having as its objective King's Mountain of revolutionary fame. It is approximately 15 miles distant from the main cantonment.

The aviation squad will number 3,600 airmen with half that number of machines. This will be stationed east of the city.

The improved section of Myers Park, the handsome and fashionable residential suburb of Charlotte, will be utilized for some division of the guardsmen, perhaps for the aviation corps.

There will be 12,000 horses in the artillery division and another site will be requisitioned for the accommodation of these.

And, then, there will be several hundred acres used for maneuver grounds, located six miles east of the city on a stretch of sandy loam that can be easily used during any period of excessive precipitation.

To get the camp for Charlotte there has been no stintedness on the part of the progressive people of Charlotte. Whatever charges had to be met for the use of any and all of the nearly 10,000 acres available, have been borne by the business men of Charlotte who have an appreciation of what it means to have a city of equal size to the present proportions of Charlotte in point of population spring up almost overnight just on the outskirts.

The construction work will have been completed at the present rate of progress by the time the last contingent of the 50,000 or more soldiers who are coming here will arrive. A veritable army of laborers are engaged now clearing up underbrush, burning the green trees that have been felled from historic forests, laying beds for the concrete military roads, building barracks and mess houses, leveling and filling up ditches and otherwise converting the landscape of cotton fields and wooded lands into a city for the habitation of man.

## CAMP GREENE

The Home of New England Troops

Approximately 10,000 acres of land lying within a radius of ten miles of Charlotte and the greater part of it within half that distance of the city, are being translated into a cantonment for the accommodation of the troops from the New England States and an increment of regular army officers and aviation corps. The main camp is located on a tract embracing 2,500 acres lying three miles west of the city, an area of open fields and wooded sections, cotton and corn plantations and apple and peach orchards.

A present force of workmen, numbering more than 2,000 men are rapidly laying out this vast acreage for all of the requirements of the camp. Streets are being laid out, hills are being rolled into the valleys that have been lying at their feet, street car tracks are being placed and railroad facilities being provided; ditches are being dug for the laying of sewerage and water mains, and many miles of telephone and telegraph lines are being strung. It is to be a veritable city to come from the metamorphosis now taking place as it by magic.

Train loads of materials are arriving almost hourly to provide some of the necessary equipment going into the work of construction. The camp site is accessible already to the city by means of improved highways of macadam construction, two of which run directly through the camp area. The street car line's terminus is only a mile from the site and the railroad facilities are within about two miles of the center of the camp.

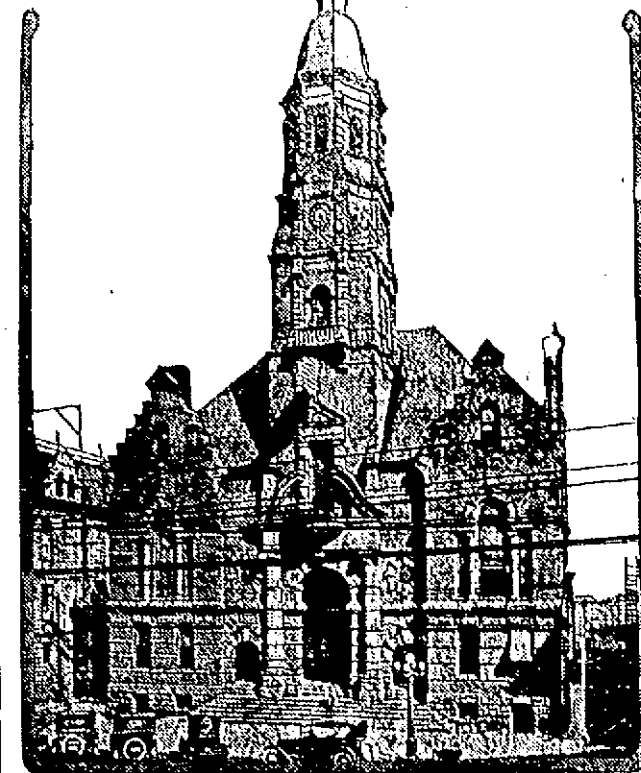
A water line of 12-inch pipes is being run from the main source of the city's supply itself a 16-inch main running to the Catawba river, 12 miles distant. A daily capacity of 12,000,000

other parts of the South, and the further fact that the Blue Ridge mountains stand at the city's back door prevents the winds of the winter which take their toll of human life.

Charlotte is one of the most favored cities in the Carolinas in the matter of transportation. It is on the main line of the Southern Railway from Washington to Atlanta and about equidistant between them. The Southern is double tracked to Washington from this city. It is also on the Seaboard Air Line, the Norfolk Southern, the Norfolk & Western and is headquarters of the Piedmont Northern, an electrically driven road that traverses the Carolinas. More than 60 passenger trains arrive and leave Charlotte every day.

### Charlotte Assets in Skeleton.

Charlotte is the electric center of the South, headquarters of the Southern Power Company, with plants generating electricity from water plants aggregating at present 225,000 horsepower. More than 100 towns and cities in the two Carolinas are lighted by the current from the high-powered transmission lines of the company which run for a distance of over 300 miles serving municipalities and industrial plants. A great number of textile manufacturing plants of the two States are operated by its electric energy. The company has plants in process of construction that will add more than 100,000 more horsepower to its aggregate production now. The city has five national banks, two state banks and two trust companies with combined deposits of more than \$12,000,000. It has 67 miles of concrete streets, over 100 miles of cement sidewalks and 72 miles of sewerage lines. It has seven modern hotels, new Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. buildings, a



CITY HALL, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

gallons in addition to a reserve quantity many times that number of gallons be provided.

### Charlotte's Water and Climate.

Charlotte's water comes from the Catawba river, a distance of 13 miles, the plant, having been built five years ago at a cost of approximately one million dollars. It has a daily capacity of 12,000,000 gallons and a reserve capacity of 60,000,000 gallons. Two million gallons daily run into the cantonment according to present estimates.

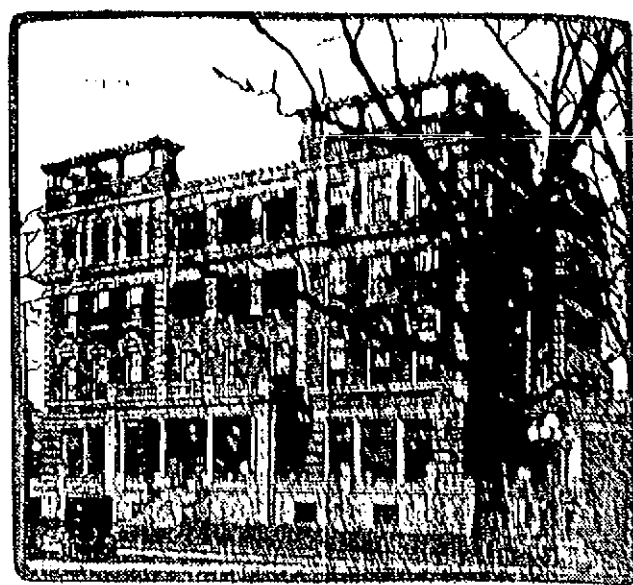
The physical aspects of Charlotte lend peculiar favor to the city. It boasts of a climate of exceptional congeniality. The city is situated equidistant from the Blue Ridge mountains on the west and the Atlantic ocean on the east, Wilmington being the nearest seaport town and Asheville, in "The Land of the Sky," its most favorite mountain resort. Charlotte is practically 175 miles from each of these two cities. Its location gives the city its delightful climate. It has been pointed out by an authority that with a single exception, this is the healthiest city in the United States, according to the mortality records. It is noted for its freedom from sudden temperature changes, high winds and destructive storms. The average annual temperature of the city is 60 degrees, having January as its coldest month with an average of 40 degrees and July as its hottest with 79 degrees. The average number of freezing days during the winter is 25. The climate of the community was one of the strong points which impressed the war department with the possibility of putting one of the 16 army cantonments here.

The fact that it is situated 200 miles from the nearest body of water is a possibility which is as desirable as the other points in

Marion Temple, the only one of its kind in the South, built at a cost of \$250,000; 56 white and 31 colored churches and a federal building being completed now at a cost of \$800,000. It is the home of the Southern Manufacturers Club, regarded as the most palatial social institution south of Washington, with a membership of more than 500 of the more prominent of the constructive Carolinians. The county of which Charlotte is the seat was the pioneer good roads propagandist among all the counties of the two States and boasts an aggregate of more than 300 miles of macadam highways built at an average cost of \$4,000 a mile. Charlotte is under the commission form of government with a mayor, a commissioner of public works and a commissioner of public safety.

### Historical Significance of Camp's Name.

The Charlotte cantonment has been named "Camp Greene," in honor of the celebrated Gen. Nathaniel Greene of revolutionary fame who commanded the American armies in the South and made his name a household word through this section. It is of especial significance that this notable New Englander took command of the armies of North and South Carolina and Virginia in Charlotte on December 4, 1780, immediately after the disastrous defeat of the patriot army under the command of General Gates at Camden, South Carolina. It is a matter of history that when General Greene took command of the army of the revolutionists, their fortunes began to improve, the end of the war being accelerated by this brilliant Rhode Islander through the victory achieved at the battle of Guilford Court House. General Greene assumed the leadership of the patriot forces in Charlotte on what is now East avenue.



SOUTHERN MANUFACTURERS CLUB, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

## CHARLOTTE'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE SOLDIERS

Awaits the Coming of Troops From New England States With Open Hands.

### WELCOMES FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ALSO

Good Old Southern Hospitality Awaits New Englanders in Charlotte, Where Every Available Accommodation is Being Planned By Citizens.

Charlotte awaits the coming of the troops from the New England States with open hands and their friends and relatives as well. Their homes will be thrown open to them. The Southern hospitality which is somewhat notably known throughout the nation will be plentifully exercised toward these soldiers who spend a little while here before going into the arduous and dangerous labors of the trenches. The people of Charlotte are planning now to put within reach of the troops every available accommodation. Public drinking fountains are being installed, rest and comfort rooms in the hotels, restaurants, church basements, public buildings and empty store rooms will be provided and the soldiers will have an opportunity from time to time to take a meal in the homes of the leading citizens of the community. They will be made to feel that they have not "fallen among thieves" but among their friends.

In addition to what is being done for them by the commission for training camp activities, this commission having for its business chiefly the entertainment and comfort of the men, the provision of attractive entertainments, etc., but the Young Men's Christian Association will extend its benevolent influence toward making the stay of the men here pleasant and profitable. And in addition to all of these organized agencies, the individual citizens of Charlotte will hold back from the visiting guardsmen nothing that will tend to give them a taste of Southern hospitality and feel the warmth and cordiality of the welcome generally felt for them into this community, for a time to be their home.

### Charlotte Socially and Religiously.

Charlotte is recognized as one of the most religious cities in the world. This broad statement is substantiated by the records which show that a greater proportion of the adult population of the community attends divine worship than in any other city in this country and only one in the world exceeds it, that being Edinburgh, Scotland. The Christian charity of the city is notable. It shows itself in ample support given to those organizations having for their purpose the physical and moral and spiritual uplift of the people. It maintains a number of splendid hospitals, the most recent acquisition in

this line being the conversion of the plant of the former Elizabeth College into a Presbyterian Hospital, the cost of \$250,000 being applied to the purchase of this property which lies in a wooded area of 50 acres on the outskirts of the city.

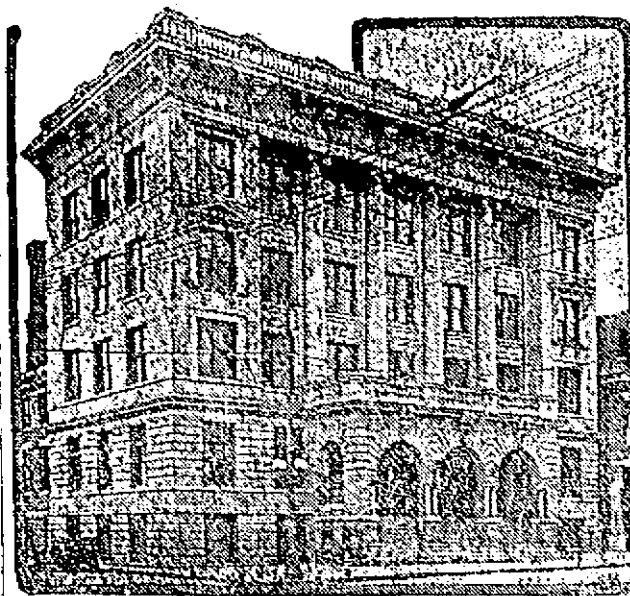
Educationally, Charlotte is not deficient. Its high school registration numbers over 500 pupils and in addition there are numerous private schools for the training of the young. Horner's Military Academy is one of the chief of these, being one of the oldest and most widely recognized in the State. Charlotte is the home of Queens College, the largest and finest-equipped institution unaffiliated by the Southern Presbyterian church of the South.

Records on file in the United States census bureau offices at Washington indicate that a higher percentage of the people of Charlotte own the homes they occupy than in any other city of the nation. The chief reason, perhaps, for this condition is that there is a far less proportion of alien-born population in this community than in any other section of the South. Less than one-half of one per cent of the total population of Charlotte is foreign-born. The other reason is the presence here of successful and well-managed building and loan associations, four of them through which thousands of residents are paying weekly or monthly for the houses in which they are living.

The City Industrially. Within latter years Charlotte has made tremendous strides as a jobbing center. The reason of its geographical location, being equidistant from the sandhills and the mountain regions of the State and the central point in the two Carolinas accounts for the rapid growth of this business. The element of transportation has not been the least of the constructive reasons that Charlotte has maintained such a uniform growth in this direction. It is at present the extreme Southern city to which from its main headquarters in Washington a double track system prevails on the Southern Railroad, the leading Southern transportation system.

Charlotte boasts the finest suburban developments of any city in the Carolinas. The launching of Myers Park, formerly an open area of 1,800 acres immediately adjacent to the city limits, financed by millionaires and converted into a residential section of surpassing beauty, has added chiefly in giving this city the name and distinction of being a distinctive residential city and one, too, of elegant dwellings. On every side of the city proper, large suburban developments have sprung up within the last ten years and the drift of population is away from the congested centers which are rapidly yielding to the centrifugal influences of a commercial growth, making it necessary for the residences to push themselves toward the outskirts of the city.

Industrially, Charlotte ranks above any of its competitors in the Carolinas both for the variety and the magnitude of its commercial enterprises, the most recent acquisition in



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

### The Savior's Judges.

The full name of the Jewish high priest before whom Jesus was tried was Joseph Calaphas, the surname pronounced Ka-yafas. He was a son-in-law of Annas, who also was a high priest. Jesus' first hearing was before Annas, who then sent him bound to Calaphas.

### Oratory and Eloquence.

"If I call my dog in a commanding way, that's oratory. If he comes, that's eloquence."—Toronto Globe.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

### Uncle Sam With His Better Half.

A float in a Memorial day parade had among others two figures, one representing Uncle Sam and the other Columbia. Dorothy saw the parade and told her father about it that evening, remarking, "Daddy, in the parade I saw Uncle Sam and Mrs. Sam."

## CASTORIA

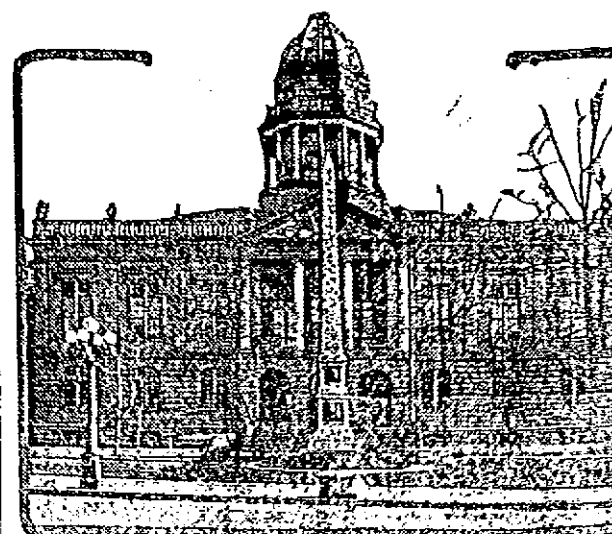
For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the

Signature of

W. H. Weston



MECKLENBURG COUNTY COURT HOUSE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Monument to the Signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence

### Uses for Licorice Root.

Several thousands of tons of licorice root, which is considered a pest and worthless by the natives in Turkey, are annually gathered for use in the manufacture of chewing gum and smoking tobacco as well as for flavoring confectionery and beer.

### Baby Was Developing.

Johnny was a small boy of about five years, and he had a baby sister who was just learning to walk. One day Johnny saw his little sister standing and taking a few steps for the first time. Johnny ran hurriedly to her and said, "Oh, mamma, come here quick! Baby's walkin' on her hind legs!"



Charles M. Cole,  
PHARMACIST,

802 THAMES STREET

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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ICE CREAM

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Branch Store, 16 Broadway.

Cake, Ice Cream,

CONFECTIONERY.

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FIRST  
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EVEN  
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Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any kind of Carting.  
Accessibly by Telephone or any mail order.  
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BRANCH OFFICES: 512 Thames Street, and  
New York City, 11-10-11.  
Telephone 71-2-7.

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ALL PERSONS desiring to have water  
introduced into their residence or place of  
business, should make application to the  
City Engineer, 512 Thames Street, near Thames.  
Office Hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE

**Eureka  
Harness  
Oil**

**Mica  
Axle  
Grease**

Sold by dealers everywhere  
Standard Oil Co. of New York

You Are Judged by  
the Appearance  
of Your Letter

If your stationery is up to  
the minute, with type the  
proper size and neatly dis-  
played, your communication  
will command attention.

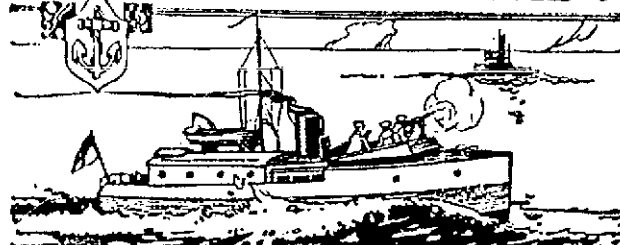
That Is the Kind of  
Stationery That Our  
Job Office Turns Out

She Was Fired.  
In Hudson Maxine's "Dynamite Sto-  
ry" is the following sad narrative:  
"We once had a servant girl whom  
we nicknamed 'Jeopardy' because she  
could not be prevented from pouring  
kerosene directly from the can upon a  
lighted fire. One day Jeopardy left us  
very suddenly, and she never came  
back. We were sorry she left, as Jeop-  
ardy was a good girl. It developed  
that she had been to find a fifty  
pound case of dynamite sticks in the  
woodshed, which she had been using  
to start the fire in the kitchen stove.  
Sometimes dynamite will work all right  
for such a purpose, but it is not a safe  
and cannot be depended upon  
to burn. It was during one of  
these intervals that Jeopardy went."

Not a Girl.  
"My father gave the little  
boy."  
"No. He said that would be a silly  
name when he knew very well that  
a few weeks they'd both be back  
here at his expense." Detroit Free  
Press.

Breaking It Down.  
"Now that you have heard my  
story, would you recommend either  
P. or Teacher? No conversation. The

## SEA SLUG STORIES



Thrilling Tales of U Boat Hunting, Told by an American Boy  
Who Served For Months With the British Patrol and Who Did the  
Thrilling and Perilous Work That Is Now Being Done by Hundreds  
of Other American Boys.

No. 2  
Mine Sweeping With  
the M. L.'s  
(Motor Launches)

By  
A SEA SLUG,  
British Service Name For Crews  
of Submarine Chasers.

PROLOGUE.  
The author of this series of four arti-  
cles is a young American, who has spent  
most of his time since the war started  
with the British patrol fleet, taking an  
important part in helping to organize  
that branch of the service known as  
the Sea Slugs.

He has accumulated a remarkable  
collection of anecdotes incident to this  
exciting branch of the service, and  
many of these were personal adven-  
tures in which he took part and which  
make one of the stirring narratives to  
come out of the war. He recently re-  
turned to the United States to assist  
the American navy in organizing the  
same branch of the service and should  
be of great value because of his experi-  
ence abroad. So far as known, he is the  
only American to serve with the British  
patrol prior to the advent of the United  
States destroyer flotilla in British waters.  
Of course much of his experiences,  
of military value to the navy, cannot  
be related. At the request of the service  
publication of his name is withheld.

MAX HORTON, the man who tor-  
pedoed the German battle cruiser  
Moltke, was one of the most  
modest men I have ever met. I pulled  
around for a couple of nights with  
Horton and another Sea Slug who had  
been only a short time out of the  
Holland hospital, where he had recovered  
from wounds he received at Gallipoli.  
Horton, besides being the hero  
of the Moltke incident when in com-  
mand of an E boat, had been the first  
man through the Dardanelles in his  
dimmy M. L., as the British call the  
submarine chasers, he being in that  
service before taking over a subma-  
rine.

M. L. stand for motor launch. The  
little craft are called a great many  
other things at times, both by the men  
in them when they don't run just  
right and by submarine commanders,  
German and British.

We were all at Portsmouth, which  
is one of the principal M. L. bases.  
Horton, his friend and myself had been  
out on a duty tour and on the way  
back stopped at The Knut for a couple  
of drinks, then at Mout's for oysters  
and finally landed at Tot's for dinner,  
which is about the program followed  
by the Sea Slugs when they can get  
ashore.

"They had the M. L.'s sweeping  
mines down at Gallipoli," said Horton  
in a very matter of fact way. "Lots  
of people think all we Slugs have to  
do is to cruise around and keep from  
drowning, but I want to tell you that  
chasing submarines is the easiest and  
safest thing expected of us."

"Tugboats and trawlers and mine  
sweepers weren't much good in the  
Dardanelles, because they furnished  
too big a target. Besides, everything  
that could float was getting shot to  
pieces, and before they dared send our  
ships in it was absolutely necessary  
to sweep the mine fields."

"We used to hook thousand foot  
cables between two M. L.'s and cruise  
down through the fields as fast as we  
could go. The cables were supposed to  
foul the mines, tip them over and  
explode them. They did it. Also the  
M. L.'s themselves tipped over sev-  
eral mines and exploded them, and  
after that there wasn't anything to  
hook that end of the cable to."

Work Under Point Blank Fire.

"The Turkish batteries on the cliffs  
were so close that as we drove down  
through the mine fields we were at  
point blank range. The ammunition  
wasn't so very good, and it didn't al-  
ways explode on contact, but if ever  
one of the heavy shells smashed  
through a chaser there wasn't much  
of anything left but the hole it made  
on the way through—like a doughnut  
after you eat it."

"Of course the Turk guns firing into  
the fields devastated a lot of their own  
mines, but that didn't add to our com-  
fort any, for many of them were right  
under some of the M. L.'s."

"One day we were sweeping in near  
shore. The sun was so hot that pitch  
just seemed to sweat out and run  
down the decks. The glare off the  
water was almost blinding, and it  
really didn't seem as if it could be  
much better in the other place to  
which we might go if one of those  
shells hit us. The Turkish batteries  
were hammering away at us, but the  
little boat was so uncomfortable that

nobody minded the shells much. All  
of a sudden something went by my  
stomach so close I thought it had cut  
me in two. Just beyond my boat a  
shell splashed into the water.

"One of the smaller projectiles had  
grazed and scared me. I caved in so  
that I couldn't walk straight or erect  
for several days—and that is literally  
true. My stomach felt all the time as  
if some one was drawing a red hot  
knife across it."

"I got it worse than that," said the  
other chap, who had been in the hospi-  
tal, abruptly. "My boat bumped a  
mine. I don't know how it is to get  
shot, but when that thing blew up  
right alongside of us it felt to me as  
though it was my own body exploding.  
It seemed like a sudden and terrible  
pressure from the inside of me that  
was going to burst me like a toy bul-  
loon."

"We finally got back to the tender  
under our own power. We had to  
shore up the bows a little, but we  
managed to make it. Mines do freak-  
ish things, and I don't believe there is  
a man living who can give any logical  
reason why we weren't blown into  
atoms."

"Plain luck, I guess," observed Hor-  
ton placidly. "It's funny that a mine  
powerful enough to sink an ocean liner  
or a battleship will sometimes explode  
and fail to destroy a motor launch or  
a submarine that is almost alongside  
it. A lot of people think submarines  
are very easily put out of business.  
We Sea Slugs know it's different, es-  
pecially the U boats. I saw one of our  
own down at Gallipoli which had hit a  
mine and came in with her bow patch-  
ed up under her own power, just as  
you did in your chaser."

Sixteen Dead in Launch.

"I never had the bad luck to bump  
a mine myself, but I've had my share  
of being shot up. I had one end of a  
cable in a mine sweeping stunt at the  
Dardanelles one night when the Turk-  
ish batteries got the range. The fire  
they poured into us is almost unbel-  
ievable. I don't see how a stick lived  
through it. We were practically under  
water all the time, the shells were fall-  
ing so close and spraying us so steady-  
ly."

"Every once in a while one came on  
board, but they were not exploding  
right—that is, not right from the Turk-  
ish point of view. We were perfectly  
satisfied to have them fall to go off.  
The other chap, though, the fellow  
who had the far end of my cable, was  
getting it pretty badly. He was in  
terrible shape, and after a particularly  
vicious burst of fire his engines stop-  
ped and he began to drift. I ran over  
to him. We couldn't sweep with only  
one end of the cable in motion."

"Of the eighteen men in the other  
M. L. I found two alive. They weren't  
conscious, but they were still alive.  
The sixteen others were dead. We  
took these two aboard our launch and  
got back to the base. That night was  
hell."

I have quoted the stories told me by  
these two men as nearly in their words  
as I can remember them to show a  
phase of the submarine chasers' work  
which is seldom thought of. As Hor-  
ton said, most people think the M. L.'s  
do nothing but cruise around in com-  
parative safety looking for submarines.  
This is only one of their duties.

Most of the Sea Slugs have been  
taught to operate machine guns, and as  
a result they were frequently used for  
landing parties at Gallipoli, running in  
under the Turkish guns and trying to  
hang on by their finger nails almost  
to the cliffs. Some of the Sea Slugs  
were on shore for a long time and  
served in the trenches. One of them  
told me a bad feature of the fighting  
there was trying to keep clean. There  
wasn't water enough to drink, to say  
nothing about washing, and the only  
way they could clean their shirts was  
to lay them on the wet hills. Even at  
that if they left them there too long  
the shirts themselves would disappear.

Another job the M. L.'s had down  
there was boarding all the fishing  
smacks and other apparently noncom-  
batant vessels and searching them for  
ammunition and mines. I talked to  
one man named D., a brother of the  
officer I told about in my first arti-  
cle who rammed one of his own subma-  
rines, mistaking her for a German,  
who had a fight with two Turk aero-  
planes while he was visiting a number  
of such vessels.

Fought Planes With Rifles

"We are just running over to a fish-  
ing smack to search her," said D.,  
"when I hear the throbbing of an aero-  
plane engine. A few seconds later the  
roar of another engine cuts in, and  
presently I locate them with my  
glasses. It never occurs to me that  
they are after such small fry as my lit-  
tle M. L."

"Round and round they circle just  
over our heads, getting lower and low-  
er all the time, until at last they start  
dropping bombs."

"Bang! goes one not thirty feet off  
my starboard bow, and we are sprayed  
with the foam she throws up. But  
the target is too small, and the planes  
are traveling so fast they can't get us  
with bomb, so they veer off and come  
skimming back very low in a straight  
line dead for us. They are so close to  
our heads that I feel like ducking, just  
as one does going under a doorway  
that is actually high enough to walk

through upright, but which looks too  
low."

"Suddenly they begin to spray us  
with machine gun fire. Two of my  
men are hit, and the decks are dying  
into splinters. All I have on board is  
a couple of 30-30 rifles, and I begin  
firing with one, while my first officer  
uses the other. The three pounder  
can't be elevated enough to use it as  
an air gun."

"We can shoot rapidly, but nothing  
like the fire of that cursed spew of  
lead spraying from those machine  
guns."

"Once they drive straight over us,  
and now they are coming back. If we  
don't stop them this time we are gone.  
I squat along the sights of my rifle.  
I take a deep breath. I let part of it  
out and hold the rest, so that my shoulder  
will not be moving as I squeeze  
the trigger."

"I am fighting right for the pilot's  
chest. I fire. He veers off like a  
wounded bird. His plane wobbles. It  
looks as if it was going to fall, but he  
gets it straightened out and flies away.  
Both of us begin to fire at the other  
machine. It rises. The pilot does not  
dare to fly straight into the rifle fire.  
From aloft he contents himself with  
dropping more bombs, but he must be  
within range of our rifles, for presently  
he flies away and does not bother us  
any more."

"If he had been a German air man  
the end of the story might have been  
different."

Sea Slugs Are Fighters.

The crews which officer and man the  
submarine chasers are not trained  
navy men. They don't know overmuch  
of the king's regulations, and the  
discipline they maintain is most cer-  
tainly not that to which one is accus-  
tomed on board ship.

But—and I want to emphasize this  
strongly—they are scrappers. They  
fight in their own way. They may  
not know how to do it according to  
the book, but they are among the gun-  
nest men about. Many of them are  
wealthy and formerly owned and op-  
erated their own boats. They are a  
hard fighting, hard riding crew, and  
the devil himself can't scare them.

Before they are assigned to boats  
the men are given about a ten day  
course in navigation, for they must  
sometimes cruise out of sight of land  
and at night. Many amusing and some-  
times almost tragic incidents arise  
from their inexperience.

I was out once in an M. L. com-  
manded by a subaltern named C. All he  
knew about navigation had been taught  
him in ten days. He got lost, was  
astounded to say so and admit that he  
didn't know how to get his location.  
He figured for two days trying to find  
out where he was. He'd get his sun  
observations, and by the time he had  
the readings calculated he'd be so far  
away that he had to do it all over  
again.

He figured for two days, and all the  
time he was getting shorter in pro-  
visions and fuel. For the last half day  
he followed a destroyer, thinking she  
was running into port. He wouldn't  
signal her and ask for instructions or  
for his location, so he just trailed along  
after her as though he knew where he  
was going. He was too proud to ask  
the road home.

The sun was under clouds, but it  
came out just before sunset, and he  
discovered that he had been running  
right away from England. We got  
back off Portsmouth at night. But our  
signal box had been lost overseas, and  
we couldn't reply to the signal at the  
entrance to the harbor, which came  
within inches of costing us our lives,  
as our own batteries fired a couple of  
4.7's at us, and we had to run out and  
cruise around the rest of the night to  
save our skins. However, we hung  
in sight of the harbor so as not to  
get lost again.

This same chap, though he was short  
on the science of navigation, was long  
on fight. When cruising at night the  
M. L.'s, of course, show no lights, and  
it is very hard to maintain an absolute-  
ly even speed and keep just the prop-  
er distance from the other craft.

Steam engines can be controlled right  
down to the inch, but the gas engines  
which drive the M. L.'s are not so readi-  
ly regulated. A single notch increase  
or decrease on the throttle may make  
a difference of a whole knot in speed.

Well, C. lost track of the other chas-  
ers in his squadron one night, and he  
didn't dare signal to them. They were  
out searching for submarines, and to  
show lights would only give the whole  
thing away. He couldn't take a chance  
on sending up a rocket or tooting his  
whistle, for secrecy is everything. So  
he just laid a course the way he  
thought he ought to steer and kept it  
up hell bent all night.

Just after daylight he discovered that  
he was off the Belgian coast, having  
crossed the channel. As the early  
morning mist lifted he sighted a big  
vessel stern flying the German flag.  
She didn't look like a regular war-  
ship—more like a converted yacht—but  
she mounted one gun forward, and C.  
could see others aft.

He had a regulation three inch piece  
hung.

"Well, boys," he said to his crew,  
"we may be rotten navigators, but we  
don't need to know navigation to give  
that fish a fight. What do you say?"

There was only about one chance in  
a hundred that any of them would  
come out of the scrap alive, and C.  
didn't like to order his men into it.  
The M. L. was so fast she could have  
run, but the crew was game, so C.  
put about and began to loop around  
in order to cross her bows, thinking to  
cut loose a few raking shots into the  
craft.

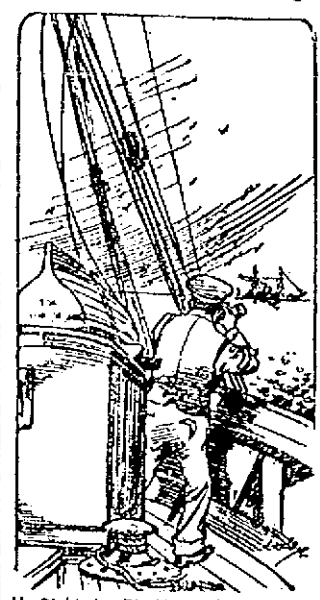
The gun was loaded and ready to  
fire, and C. was only waiting for what  
he thought was the best position before  
giving the order to fire.

"We ought to fix our flag if we're  
going into battle," suggested some one in  
the crew.

"By Jove, you're right," C. agreed,  
and in a jiffy the British ensign was  
run up at the M. L.'s stern.

Like a shot the German flag at the  
stern of the war vessel came down,  
and the Union Jack took its place.  
Simultaneously from the masthead the  
stranger broke out a private British  
navy signal, and C. replied.  
He had come within an ace of firing

into one of his own vessels which had  
been flying the German flag in order to  
decoy any German craft that might



He Sighted a Big Vessel Astern Flying  
the German Flag.

sight her. It shows, though, that the  
Sea Slugs are ready to go into action  
any time and that they don't have to  
have the odds in their favor either.

A Matter of Luck.

As I said before, the catching of a  
submarine and its destruction is great-  
ly a matter of luck. Sometimes the  
M. L.'s cruise around for days without  
seeing one, and then perhaps a U boat  
will pop to the surface within a couple  
of hundred yards. The most impor-  
tant adjunct to luck is an all seeing  
eye. One never knows where the por-  
scope is going to stick out above the  
surface, and you must be ready at any  
second to make it out at any point of  
the compass.

Just how many submarines were  
"got" while I was in England I am  
not at liberty to say, but I can go on  
record as stating that they are not  
easy to get, and the captives are few-  
er than generally supposed. A vast  
number of units are necessary to com-  
bat them with any degree of success.  
Besides being invisible almost at will,  
the submarines are manned by men of  
nerve.

The idea prevalent among some peo-  
ple that submarine crews are more or  
less only stinks, who strike in the  
dark or when there is no danger for  
themselves, should be dispelled. The  
submarines are operated by men who  
fear death not at all and who some-  
times take singularly chances. If the  
British develop one trick that bags a  
single submarine they consider it a  
success. News of English rises  
spreads rapidly in the under water gos-  
sip.

U boats have run in a few scant  
miles from shore and sunk all sorts of  
craft, and they have even tackled de-  
stroyers. The British had some very  
sad experiences in sending destroyers  
on rescue work, after which they used  
the M. L.'s for this purpose. These  
make smaller torpedo targets. The  
Germans are supposed not to risk U  
boats unduly; but, believe me, they do.

I talked with the chief engineer and  
one of the crew of a British sugar ship  
from the West Indies who had been  
rescued after being torpedoed.

"We were just making Havre," said  
the engineer, "and we were mighty  
glad to get in. The day was remark-  
ably clear, and the water was oily  
smooth. We were so close to land we  
didn't think there was a chance of  
anything attacking us when just at 1  
o'clock in the afternoon a submarine  
appeared off our port bow and signaled  
us to stop."

"We were armed with a 4.7 gun on  
our stern and had many gunners on  
board, so instead of obeying we turned  
sharply to starboard to present as  
small a target as possible for a torpedo  
and opened fire."

The first two shots fell short, and  
the third went over the U boat. The  
way some people talk you would have  
expected the submarine to run away.  
She didn't do anything of the kind.  
She opened up on us with a gun that  
must have been at least a three inch  
piece, and the second shot hit one of  
our gun turrets.

"One man disappeared—actually dis-  
appeared. Either he was knocked into  
the sea and sank, or he must have  
been literally blown to pieces. Another  
poor fellow was killed—just about  
torn in two—and two other men were  
put out cold. The captain had to stop  
them, because there was nothing left  
to fight with."

"We were so near port that the firing  
must have been heard, and it was al-  
most certain something would come  
out to investigate, but the U boat went  
about finishing the job very method-  
ically."

"The German commander ordered us  
into our boats. While we were lower-  
ing away he signaled the captain and  
the chief engineer, myself, to come  
alongside the U boat. The first thing  
he did was to have our wounded  
brought aboard, and his surgeon at-  
tended to them. Then he placed our  
boat to send them over and place bombs  
in the ship to blow her up."

"As the day was drawing to a close,  
it was becoming colder, and, seeing  
that the men had not brought coats  
with them, the German commander  
gave us all sweaters and towed us to-  
ward shore for half an hour or so.  
Three destroyers passed out, but they  
were so far away that the U boat  
simply submerged until she was awash,  
and they never saw a thing. It was  
almost sunset when she finally dis-  
appeared after maneuvering around as  
though playing like a porpoise at some  
point almost within range of shore bat-  
teries."

The story of this armed merchant-  
man shows that simply placing guns  
on steamships is not going to protect  
them against submarines. There has  
got to be a sort of craft to fight them  
on something like equal terms, and the  
swift, seaworthy, low lying M. L.'s  
seem to be the ones to do it. But  
great numbers of them are needed.

and great numbers of trained men are  
needed to operate them.

Song of the Sea Slugs.

The Sea Slugs in England sing a  
song which pretty well covers every-  
thing in the line of their life and duty.  
Some of the verses were written by  
one man, some by another. The one  
referring to Uncle Sam is my own  
and will be understood when I say  
that the first M. L.'s were built in  
America and that the British took  
some time to learn just how to use  
them:

Sing me a song of a trait M. L.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Rolling about on an oily swell  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Out on a highly explosive spree,  
Patrol, liddle and T. N. T.,  
Looking for U boat 111.  
(O Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of a bold young "spot"  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Eighteen number and not to boot.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
So shy the cable and brave the lead,  
Hard a starboard and full ahead,  
The detonators are in my bed.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of a smart young "sub"  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
An iron-bottomed, half trained cub.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Of the king's regulations I know not one.  
I have left undone what I should have  
done.  
But oh my aunt, when I fire that gun!  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of C. M. B.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Bred in a garage and sent to sea.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Taken away from the motor trade,  
Bent and sorry, worn, damaged,  
But a bit of a nut on the "grand pa-  
rade."  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of Uncle Sam  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Built five hundred and don't care a darn.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
Nobody knows what they built them for.  
Every one prays that they'll build no  
more.  
But such are the horrors of "bloody  
war."  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

Sing me a song of a North sea base  
(O Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
A first forgotten, old horse place.  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)  
When the wind blows west, how brave  
we are!  
When the wind blows east, it's different,  
far.  
You'll find we're in the "harbor bar."  
(Lord, have mercy upon us!)

As one may gather from the song,  
many of the Sea Slugs were formerly  
chauffeurs, and, although the M. L.'s



The German Commander Ordered Us  
to Stop.

use gasoline for fuel, there is some  
difference between navigating one of  
them and an automobile.

Sitting Over a Volcano.

The "detonators under the bed" is  
literal. There isn't overmuch room on  
an M. L., and about the only place to  
keep the detonators is under the bunks.  
These little craft carry sufficient ex-  
plosives to blow up several first class  
warships, and if you want to know  
how it feels to sit over a volcano with  
the lid about to be blown off you want  
to ride in one of them, especially when  
somebody begins putting at you with  
shells that may blow up every ounce  
of ammunition you've got on board any  
minute.

The third article of this series will  
appear soon. It is entitled

No. 3—A Motor Launch Raid on the  
Belgian Coast.

In which the little submarine chaser  
crossed the mine fields by night, fired on  
the German gunboats and land batteries,  
and escaped across the mine fields with  
more. How the British monitors, who  
are called after American generals, bom-  
barded the German coast until the Ger-  
mans dared a method of locating them  
even though the fog was so thick they  
could not see them.

AUSTRALIAN STORE TALK.

Their Term "Soft Goods" Means What

We Call Dry Goods.

The United States is not the only  
country that takes liberties with the  
mother tongue. Australia speaks a  
language of trade that would not be  
understood elsewhere. For instance,  
"dry goods" is seldom heard. The Aus-  
tralian term being "soft goods." This  
generally applies only to piece goods,  
with some inclusion of ready to wear  
articles. The house or shop that car-  
ries articles for men's wear is known as a "men's" and never as a haberdash-  
ery. "Habit" and "haberdashery" means what  
in America is covered by "modems."

The shop that handles women's wear  
is known as a "ladies'" and the or-  
ganization composed of members of the  
trade is called the "Merchandise Progres-  
sive Association." The "merchandise" department is  
the one that handles women's coats  
and suits. The manager of the store  
or shop is known as director, and an  
"assistant" is a salesman.

"Warehouseman" does not mean a  
man who stores goods for others, but a  
wholesale dealer in "soft goods" and  
the like. The business of what is  
known in America as that of ware-  
housing is conducted in Australia by  
"bulk stores."—New York World.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

